

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- ☐ Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- ☐ Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- ☐ Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- ☐ Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- ☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- ☒ Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- ☐ Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- ☒ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.

- ☐ Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- ☐ Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☒ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed / Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- ☐ Pages detached / Pages détachées
- ☒ Showthrough / Transparence
- ☒ Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- ☐ Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- ☐ Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.

- ☒ Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Registered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1889 by G. E. Desharate & Son, at the Department of Agriculture.

VOL. II.—No. 29.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 19th JANUARY, 1889.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM.
10 CENTS PER COPY



HIS HONOR AUGUSTE REAL ANGERS, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

From a Photograph by Noiman.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON, Publishers,
162 St. James Street, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
127 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

London (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,
3 & 4 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E. C.
SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

19th JANUARY, 1889.

We are glad to announce that we have made arrangements with the well known house of John Haddon & Co., 3 and 4 Bouverie street, Fleet street, E.C., London, England, to be our representatives in Great Britain. They are authorized to receive subscriptions and to make contracts for advertising space. THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will be kept on file by them, and they will be in a position to answer all enquiries relative to the publication.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

We are forming a joint stock company to own and publish this journal. Its success as a commercial enterprise is now beyond doubt. The reception given the paper by the Press and the Public has been enthusiastic. The subscription lists keep swelling day by day. The advertising is steadily improving and the outlook generally is excellent. We started the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED with limited means, and have, single-handed, brought it to a period when the employment of additional capital is not only justified by the work done, the results achieved, and the certainty of success, but is required for the improvement, permanency and economic production of the paper. The proposed capital of the company is \$50,000, in shares of \$100, a notable portion of which is already subscribed by good business men, whose names we are at liberty to communicate to intending investors. The limited time we can spare from the arduous labours connected with the publication does not allow us to call on, nor even to write to, the many friends and well-wishers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, who may be both able and willing to assist in the enterprise. We therefore take this means of reaching them and asking them, as a particular favour, to send us their names, so that we may mail to them a detailed statement and prospectus. We would like to have shareholders all over the Dominion, and will be pleased to have applications for one share, five shares, or ten, from any of our friends. They will find it an investment that will be highly profitable and can only increase in value year by year. For prospectus and form of application, address the publishers.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON,
Montreal.

PERSONAL.

A London correspondent says that the name of the author of "She" is pronounced "Reeder Haggard," with the accent on "gard." Indeed!

Hon. Arthur Stanley, son of Lord Stanley of Preston, Governor-General, has left Ottawa for England, where he will fill a position in the Foreign Office.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says Bret Harte has a son just as lazy as himself, and able to write just as good poetry and borrow just as much money of his friends.

Mme. Albani is on the sea, making her way to Montreal, where she will appear in concert on January 26th and 29th. She is accompanied by a choice of artists, vocal and instrumental.

Sir John Macdonald began his 74th year, on the 11th inst., in the enjoyment of good health and buoyant spirits. He received despatches, letters and messages of congratulation from all parts of Canada, the United States and Great Britain.

At the Toronto Board of Trade yearly meeting, within hearing of the best men of the country, Hon. Mr. Mowat said, as will be seen in another column, these words, that should never be forgotten, as they contain the essence of Canadian patriotism: "I would rather be First Minister of Ontario than Governor of New York. I would rather be First Minister of Canada than President of the United States."



Some of the brick houses erected in England 200 years ago are so cemented together that the walls have to be blown down with gunpowder when the site is wanted for something modern. They knew how to build in those days. It is the self-same in the old towns of Canada and in New England. The walls of the houses were thick to fence out the cold and Indians. The log houses of the Southern and Western States, from Virginia and Kentucky to Missouri, were equally strong.

The *Petit Journal* of Paris states that a meeting of Panama canal bondholders have addressed a letter to M. de Lesseps offering him the chairmanship of a new canal company to be formed by shareholders in the present company. The *Journal* says the new company will have a capital of several million francs and will take over the concern from the old Panama company. We have always said that France, in some shape or other, will not forsake the Panama canal scheme, and will carry it through, as it did the Suez, in spite of the taunts and hostility of the world.

A large number of valuable manuscript documents relating to the early history of the country, which were in the possession of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, have been claimed by and handed over to the Provincial Government. That is right. No private society should be allowed to keep historical treasures which belong to the whole country. It is different here, however, in Montreal. We have three or four societies that do their own collections, without any thanks to the Government, and the latter, of course, must keep their hands off.

Good news. Instead of tearing down, enlightened men of science are unearthing the buried glories of the past, even if they have to remove families and modern houses to do it. The French School of Athens have discovered near the temple of the Ptoum Apollo a round building, six metres in diameter, which appears to be the Tholus of Apollo mentioned by Plutarch. Their excavations at Delphi will begin as soon as the inhabitants have been transferred to another locality. The houses to be demolished will cost the French and Greek Governments some 60,000 francs.

That contemplation and study, allied to temperance, lead to old age, is a matter of ancient history. St. Anthony lived to the age of 105 years on mere bread and water, adding only a few herbs at last; James, the hermit, to 104; Arsenius, tutor to the Emperor Arcadius, to 120—65 in the world and 55 in the desert, to which he retired during the persecution of the early Christians; St. Epiphanius to 115; St. Jerome to about 100; Simeon Stylites to 70; and Romualdus to 120. And Lewis Cornaro, a Venetian nobleman, after he had used all other remedies in vain, so that his life was despaired of at 49, yet recovered, and lived, by mere force of his temperance, to near 100 years.

Why, even Rider Haggard, who is always teaching a benighted world something new, has become a vegetarian. He found by experiment that he could work longer and to better effect on a meatless diet than when he indulged freely in beef and

mutton. He has become a convert to the theory that the imagination becomes more active when the body abstains from animal nourishment.

One of the secrets of the great Napoleon's success was the practical bent of his mind. He would not read his letters until they were six weeks old, by which time events had answered most of them. A Yankee wag asks whether this would not be a good scheme to try on the January bills? Private letters Napoleon wrote freely, however, but his handwriting was so wretched that only Josephine could make it out.

The Chinook winds of the Northwest are a meteorological mystery and blessing. They rise from the Rocky Mountains and flow over the east of the Regina Plain; down in the northern valleys of the Peace and Mackenzie Rivers; all along the Saskatchewan to the northeast, till its waters all reach Hudson's Bay by the Nelson at York Factory. Throughout this vast territory the Chinooks make their presence felt by constantly recurring visits during the inclement season of the year, and to these visits are due the mildness and comparatively high temperature of the winter, rendering life in the open air not only possible but enjoyable for man and beast.

Mr. Whittier's attention was lately called to the lines from his "Snow Bound":

"Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and sump
In trapper's hut and Indian camp."

And he was asked if he had ever visited that beautiful lake, and he said he had not, for he was not much of a traveller. He had never been further south than Maryland, further west than Pennsylvania and not so far north as Canada. His allusion to Lake Memphremagog, which lies one-third in Vermont and two-thirds in Canada, Mr. Whittier explained by relating a journey of his father into that country, and his funny experience with an Indian who was fond of rum.

The old teachers used to tell us that the child's first untaught word is ever, in all tongues, the call on the mother—"Ma." But it is not so. A society of learned Frenchmen lately tested the matter. Two infants were chosen and isolated with a deaf and dumb woman, who lived alone in the Alps, surrounded by her sheep and chickens. After six years the children and nurses were brought before the scholars, who were on the tip-toe of expectation as to the result; when lo! not a word could either of the children utter, but most perfectly could they imitate the crowing of the cock, the cackling of a hen, and the bleating of sheep.

Principal Grant, in reply to an address from his Kingston friends, writes these cheery words: "Though at home in the great cities under the Southern Cross, you can well understand the warmer feelings that the sight of Vancouver awakened. Sixteen years before I had stood on the shores of the beautiful inlet on which it is built. Then, seas of mountains declared impassable, trackless prairies and forests pronounced unfit for settlement and impracticable for railways, separated me from my own fireside. Now, I arranged by telegraph the day and the hour on which I could breakfast in Ottawa and dine in Kingston. In less than six days I crossed the continent, seeing signs of life, of progress, and all the promise of a mighty future. Not far from the grain elevator and the mill, everywhere stood the church and the school. *Laus Deo.*"

The foregoing words suggest these others from the *Witness*: "But Canada does not want annexation. Mr. Butterworth's mistake arises out of the gross darkness out of which he and a majority of his people look at Canada. They look on Canadians as a subject people panting to be free. They think the forms of governments of Canada and the United States are substantially identical, and that Canadians are inclined to think little of the difference, or even to prefer that of the United States. This is a great mistake. Our constitution is much more advanced and much more popular than theirs, and our Government is far more directly responsible to the people. It would be a retrograde step in Canada to accept the national government of the United States. If political union between Canada and the United States is ever to come about, there will have to be radical changes in the constitution of the United States in the direction of freedom and democracy or Canadians will not be satisfied with it. We are not accustomed to four-year irresponsible despots like the President, to irresponsible appointments to office, nor to irresponsible members of an executive, and would never be at rest under such a condition of things."

COAL IN THE NORTHWEST.

The wealth of the Nova Scotia coal mines is well known, and needs no special mention at this time. But the extent of the layers of this indispensable fuel, in the Northwest, is a matter of vital importance, in view of the fear which was felt, for a long time, that there would be a dearth of wood and coal in the mighty region. Providence, which rules all the behests of man, has provided otherwise, and scientific men have not been slow to discover that fact. Mr. Maltby, a distinguished mining engineer of Chicago, searched, last summer, a number of localities in Alberta and British Columbia, about which he came to Montreal lately, to make report to the Directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, for whom he had undertaken the examination. Mr. Maltby worked chiefly on the Crowfoot Creek, fifteen miles east of Gleichen, and a few miles off the "Cipiar." The operator continued the shaft—which had been unsuccessfully sunk in 1886—down to 470 feet, piercing four seams of coal, the first being eighteen inches thick; the second, nine inches; and the third and chief only nine feet. Mr. Maltby mined this last seam, and took several carloads of the coal, which were tested in the Canadian Pacific locomotives with most satisfactory results. This bed of coal extends from near the Canadian Pacific, where the outer croppings are seen, to the Red Deer River, a distance of thirty-five or forty miles. The coal is similar to the Lethbridge, but while it has a strong blaze, it does not emit any smoke, and is suitable for steam or domestic purposes. Mr. Maltby made an examination of the coal at Cochrane, where a company has been mining on the outcroppings. He says that good coal will not be obtained there until deeper shafts are sunk to the beds that have not been affected by the upheaval of the mountains. He also says that the Canada Anthracite Company made a mistake in working the outcroppings instead of sinking deep shafts. Mr. Maltby made an examination of land in the vicinity of Vancouver, and expresses the opinion that vast coal beds exist there, but at a depth of 1,000 feet. He thinks it is the same bed that crops out on

Vancouver Island. Being asked as to the probable extent of the coal beds in the Northwest, Mr. Maltby said there was sufficient coal in the country to supply Canada with fuel for centuries. The Canadian Pacific Railway will probably open mines in the Crowfoot district next year. Mr. Maltby has been engaged for years in coal mining in England and the United States, and understands the practical as well as the scientific branch of the business. He is now superintendent of several mines in Illinois.

EXPERIMENTAL FARMS.

According to the promise made last week, we shall give an account of the four Experimental Farms of the Dominion, with material drawn from official reports. In 1884, this subject came up in the House of Commons, and a committee was draughted to take evidence, with the result that these Experimental Farms were recommended, the Act passed, and the Farms established, under the direction of the present Minister of Agriculture, Hon. John Carling. Professor Saunders was appointed Director-General, and here is his report on the work after a visit to all the Branch Farms, made during the past few weeks.

At Nappan, N.S., the Farm embraces some 300 acres, and the work there will probably consist mainly of stock raising and dairying, the growth of native and foreign grasses, clover, and thus endeavour to work out for the people of the Maritime Provinces all that is desirable in fodder plants in order to increase the products of the land, and also improve their stock, and thus enable them to carry on their farming with better profit and advantage. Nova Scotia is celebrated for its fruits, and experiments will be conducted there with a view to introducing new varieties of fruit to be tested, and the information gained scattered over the different Maritime Provinces, so that every farmer may know what varieties he can grow with success. He will thus be enabled to beautify his home, add comfort to his table, and at the same time increase the attractiveness and productiveness of the country. At the farm in Ottawa a large variety of Russian fruits have been introduced. The climate in some parts of Russia is much like ours, and at times the temperature falls lower in winter than it does with us. The more tender varieties of American and European fruits will not endure very low temperature, but it is hoped that by introducing from colder climates fruits which endure there, valuable additions will be made to our fruit growing capacity here, and if these fruits succeed, we shall be enabled to increase very largely the area over which fruits can be grown successfully in Canada. In Manitoba efforts will be made to introduce new varieties of grain, especially early ripening sorts, for, notwithstanding the fact that occasional frosts occur, we may confidently anticipate that that country will continue to produce millions upon millions of bushels of wheat, tenfold more than it produces at present, as the country becomes more settled, and we have a sufficient number of farmers there to till the fertile soil ready cleared at their hands. Then, also, the question of stockraising and dairying will be considered, and the important subject of forestry receive attention. There are comparatively few trees in Manitoba, and the winds sweeping over the plains produce a condition of things not so agreeable as that which the shelter of the woods

and trees affords. Now, if this shelter can be provided—and there is no doubt that it can—it will add to the comfort of the settlers' homesteads, make them more beautiful, and by supplying a tempering influence to the winds, make that country more desirable to live in. The same class of experiments will be carried out at the Branch Farm at Indian Head, in the Northwest Territories. The land on this farm is all open prairie, and this spring, when operations began, there was not a shrub or tree in sight. By the introduction of trees it is hoped to make quite a change in this Farm in a few years; 20,000 young trees were planted there this spring, and from 40,000 to 50,000 have been raised from seed, and it is expected by the end of another year to have somewhere in the neighbourhood of 100,000 growing trees on it. These experiments will be instructive examples to the farmers of the districts in which the farms are situated, which they will not be long in imitating. Everyone there loves trees, and the feelings of the settlers of the Northwest are quite different from those of the early settlers in Ontario, who were obliged to look upon trees as enemies, and to be cut down in order to furnish space for agricultural operations. With a growing love of trees among the farmers, it is hoped, in a few years' time, to see plantations of trees all over the Northwest. In British Columbia the climate is milder. The Farm at Agassiz is situated below the coast range of mountains, and has a climate much like that of England. It is admirably adapted for fruit culture, apples, pears, plums and cherries growing there with a luxuriance surpassing anything we can do here. Many of these fruits are much larger than the same varieties grown anywhere in Ontario; and it is believed that in that province, although the quantity of agricultural land is limited, it will be possible to produce there a large quantity of fruits to supply the mining population of the mountains and the less favoured districts in the Territories.

LITERARY NOTES.

In spite of tempting offers Lord Tennyson refuses to write his memoirs. Who says Tennyson is not a great man?

Professor Roberts has a paper in the *Christian Union*, of New York, on "The Teaching of English," from which we shall give our readers a few extracts.

Rev. Arthur J. Lockhart, of East Corinth, but a Nova Scotian by birth and in heart, has sent the editor a thrilling account of the Miramichi Fire in 1825.

Who will inform us whether or not Cransworth Langstroth Betts, the translator of *Béranger*, is a New Brunswick man or not? "Carl," of St. John, N.B., who wrote to *Laclede*, of the *Gazette*, on the subject, may tell us.

The literary event of the week is the first number of "Can'diana," a new monthly issue devoted to the study of Canadian history—all original matter, out of the beaten paths. The editor is W. J. White, M.A. In our next we shall review it.

Our readers will hail the return to his own column of *Acus*, with his bobbin full of sharp and shining "Points." Our friend has run the gauntlet of a professional examination and, from what we know of him, he must have done so with flying colours.

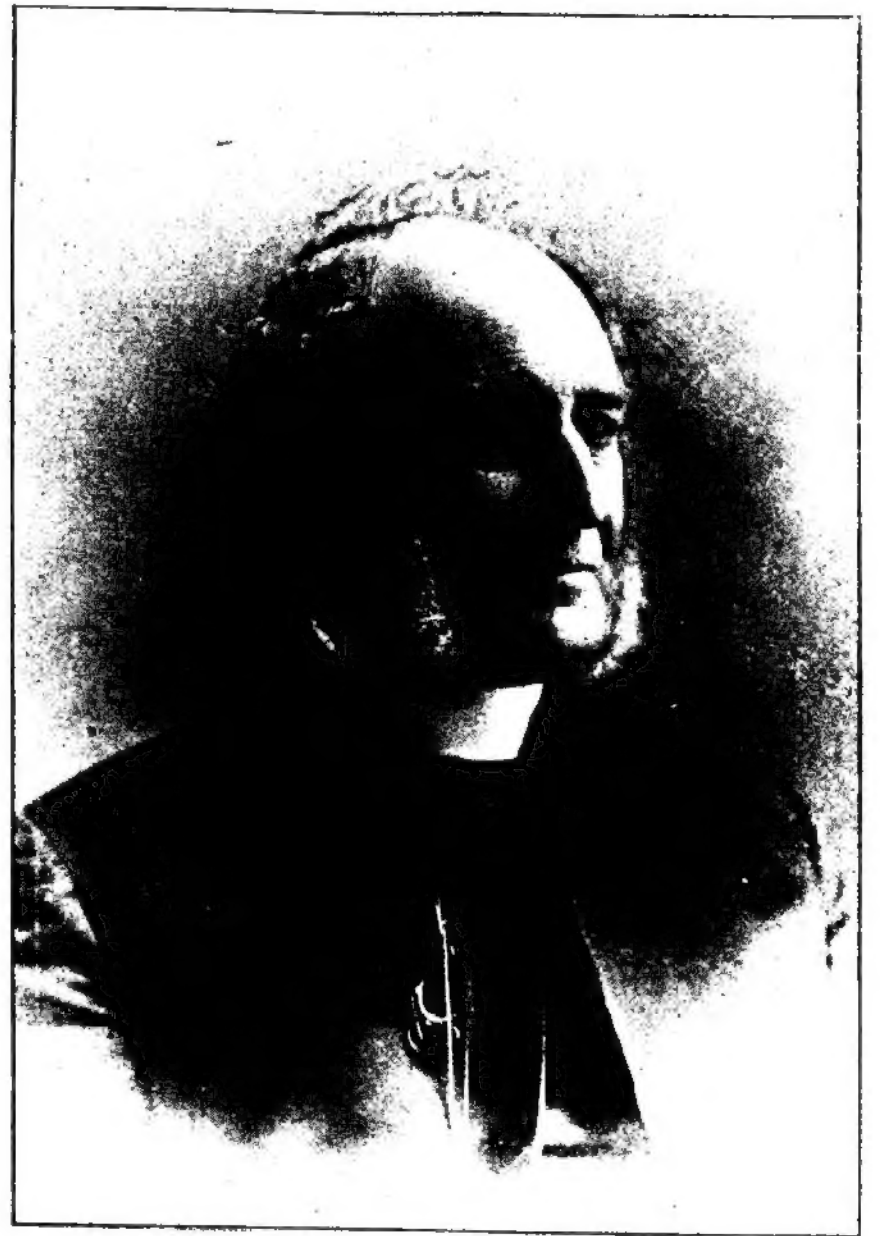
We have received from C. G. D. Roberts, M.A., the welcome news that the author of "Snowflakes and Sunbeams" is rector of St. Stephen, N.B. "He is very strong in a sort of impassioned lyric description, and his *winter* verse is of our very best in that line." We shall now take occasion to have another look at his little creamy pamphlet.

A *Star* reporter has been shown a small pamphlet, printed at Mr. John Lovell's, in 1839, which contains the report of the proceedings at the trial of Cardinal, Duquette and Lepailleur, reported by a law student. The only survivor among the names it contains, apart from Mr. Lepailleur, is that of Mr. Justice Johnson, who is there denominated as "Francis Johnson, reporter." Apart from the evidence, the little volume contains an elaborate argumentative petition in favour of the prisoners, and signed by Mr. Aaron P. Hart and Mr. Drummond, their counsel. Copies of this volume are said to be very scarce.



RIGHT REV. M. S. BALDWIN, BISHOP OF HURON.

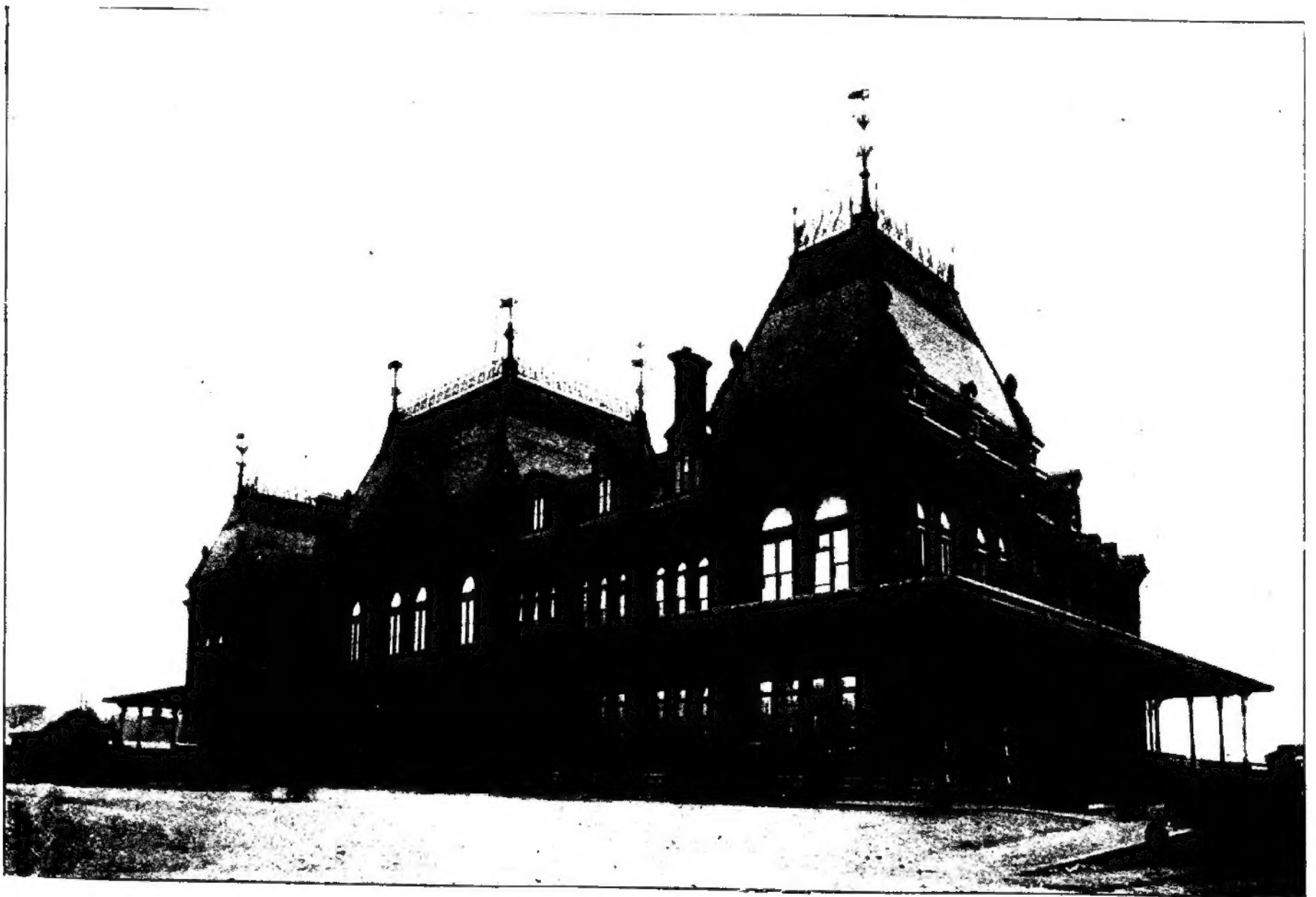
From a photograph by Frank Cooper, London, Ont.



VERY REV. CANON INNES, DEAN OF HURON.

From a photograph by Edy Bros., London, Ont.

MONTREAL IMPROVEMENTS.



THE NEW "BONAVENTURE" STATION OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY, ST. JAMES STREET.

From a photograph by Notman.



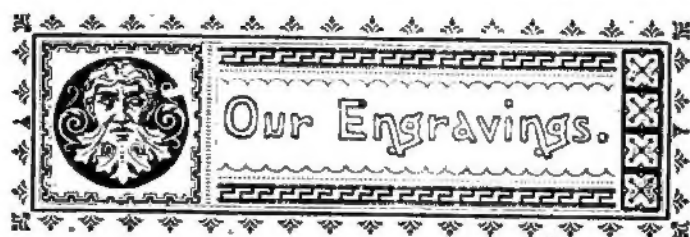
THE PARTING OF PAUL AND VIRGINIA.
Marble Group by Hamilton MacCarthy, A.R.C.A., Toronto.



BUST OF THE LATE ARCHBISHOP LYNCH.
By J. Keiley, Sculptor, Toronto.



LUNCH TIME, IN THE WOODS, ON A HUNTING EXPEDITION.
From a Photograph by Capt. Imiah, R.C.A.



HIS HONOUR LT.-GOVERNOR ANGERS.—The Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec Province was born at Quebec on the 4th October, 1838, and after pursuing his course of studies at Nicolet College, began the study of law under his distinguished father, who stood among the foremost at the Bar of Quebec. He was admitted to practice in 1860, and soon attained to successful eminence in the firm of Casault, Langlois and Angers. In 1874 he reached the purple, and in 1876 he went into public life, winning the seat for Montmorency County in the Local House. In the same year, on the Hon. M. de Boucherville forming a new Cabinet, M. Angers was offered and accepted the portfolio of Solicitor-General. The year following, M. de Boucherville taking a seat in the Legislative Council, the leadership of the Assembly fell into Mr. Anger's hands, and, in 1876, he became Attorney-General. The two leaders understood each other thoroughly, and worked together. They resolved to build the North Shore Railway with the help of the Government and the municipalities along the line, which made liberal grants, while Montreal and Quebec allotted \$1,000,000 each. By his energy and eloquence M. Angers was greatly instrumental in putting the measure through, with the further result that Montreal and Quebec became the terminal points of the coming Canadian Pacific Railway. As a legislator, M. Angers ranks among the foremost men of the Dominion, the Electoral Act being allowed to be superior to the Dominion Act, and the Controverted Elections Act ranking equally high. The Superannuated Fund Law, applied to the children of Civil Servants, is also his. In 1876, M. Angers put a law through the Lower House giving Catholics and Protestants equal control over their educational interests. In 1877-78 a storm burst, which was sure to come, as in the Province of Quebec it is traditional that municipalities never pay a cent for public works, expecting, as a matter of course, that the Government will pay for them. The municipalities declined to plank down what they had subscribed, and M. Angers was defeated in the election of 1878, through the influence of Quebec, whose \$1,000,000 he had endeavoured to make that capital pay. Meantime the unfortunate Letellier crisis broke forth; M. de Boucherville was dismissed, and M. Joly called to form a Cabinet. M. Angers at once joined Hon. J. A. Ouimet (now Speaker) and the late Hon. M. Mousseau and M. Letellier was dismissed in turn. Then M. Angers was elected to the Federal Parliament by a large majority for Montmorency, but the second year following, 1880, he resigned and accepted a judgeship. In 1886 the Provincial Premiership was tendered him, but he refused on a question of principle and retained his place on the Bench till the 20th October, 1887, when he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of his native Province. M. Angers is possessed of splendid gifts of mind and strength of character, while his debating powers are of a high standard. He is a Canadian in the high and broad sense of the word, holding that every native of the country should strive toward making it a great nationality.

THE GRAND TRUNK'S NEW STATION AT MONTREAL.—The new Grand Trunk station at Montreal forms another step in the decoration of the city, and at the same time adds to the comfort of travellers who utilize it. It is situated on the site of the old terminus of the Lachine road, one of the pioneer roads of Canada, now forming a portion of the Grand Trunk Railway. The building itself has been designed for utility, and combines within itself the various requirements necessary for a terminal station. Its external appearance can be appreciated from our view, the materials being stone of the district for foundations and coarsed work, with Credit Valley stone for base course; the superstructure, as well as the division walls, are of brick; the face and moulded brick are from Toronto, whilst the terra cotta panels and other decorative portions are from England. The roofs are covered with slate and galvanized iron, and flat portions with gravel. Cast-iron cresting and finials finish the sky line of towers. Capacious covered galleries and foot-way surround the building on its four sides. The station has a frontage of 240 feet by a depth of 100 feet, divided longitudinally into two sections, the larger or front one being utilized for offices on its upper and lower floors, and the smaller for a covered distributing platform, allotting and distributing passengers to their various destinations by means of distinct and separate outlets. A large waiting room 61 feet by 54 feet, by 44 feet high, forms the central portion of the building. Its walls and cornices are of selected and picked brick, with panels of terra cotta. The ceiling is bold in character, geometrically panelled, and is of wood, having large stained glass lights in its centre. Eight large windows with stained glass fanlights are placed on the upper and lower stages, and on the sides of the room are placed the ticket, news, and parcel offices, as also first-class waiting and dining rooms. The dining room and first-class waiting room are each 37 feet by 26 feet, by 20 feet in height; the former is finished with a highly decorated ceiling and frieze supported on ornamental pilasters in native woods, with the usual counter, mirrors and other arrangements requisite and required for this essential portion of the building. There is also a small and cosy room attached for use of private diners, etc.; over this portion are

the kitchen and other rooms. The first-class waiting room has a coved and plastered ceiling, and an extension room allotted to ladies, 23 feet 6 inches by 20 feet, with their retiring room beyond; these latter rooms are carpeted and fitted up with lounges, easy chairs, etc. It may be noted that fire-places of special design are placed in dining-room, first-class and ladies' waiting rooms, having mantels of hardwood highly polished, with mirrors inserted. Fire-places have asbestos logs evidently meant to deceive the public, but really intended for and utilized as ventilators. The floors of the general waiting room, dining room and first-class waiting room are in Maw's encaustic tile work, specially designed for the building. The walls of these rooms are lined to a height of four or five feet with ornamental and panelled wainscoting of oak, ash and cherry. The smaller section of the building (i.e., general distributing platform) is a room 237 feet in length, 37 feet in width and 44 feet in height, the walls of which are of brick and the ceiling of pine, panelled and fixed in bays; there are windows on three sides of the upper storey, and on the lower, doors at either end, and on the sides sliding doors, the latter being outlets to the platforms from which start trains, west, east, north and south. Opening from this platform are baggage room, 54 feet by 26 feet, three storeys in height, customs rooms, retiring room, stairs to upper floor, parcels, news and ticket offices, second-class ladies' and second-class men's waiting room. Stairs to upper floor and agent's office in order named. These rooms are of dimensions to suit the requirements and are finished in a plain, strong and serviceable manner, wainscotted on the average to a height of five feet, and having hardwood floors. Upper rooms are allotted to Pullman and Wagner palace car offices, stationery, cashier, assistant superintendent, conductors and other rooms. The building is heated by hot water, the furnace being placed in a wrought iron watertight chamber, so that in case of a flood the heating arrangements will not be interfered with. Taken altogether, the building is well adapted for the purpose for which it is built, and its bold and striking outline makes it an important feature of street architecture, and an ornament to the city. The roadway in front of the station is 100 feet wide, extending from St. James street toward Chaboillez Square, giving an ample space for carriages, omnibuses, etc. The whole of the station yard has been remodelled to suit the requirements of the new station. The passenger tracks, ten in number, have been laid parallel to St. James street and placed in pairs, with a wide platform varying from 300 to 900 feet in length, and from 15 to 25 feet in width, between each pair. By the new arrangement each train is enabled to arrive and depart daily from the track specially allotted to it, thus preventing any confusion in the working of the yard and adding greatly to the convenience and comfort of the travelling public. We next cast a glance at the change in appointments and management about the station at train time. First to strike the attention is the row of cabs on the square in front of the station. This is the Grand Trunk's private property, and the fact has been taken advantage of to secure strict order and a good class of vehicles and drivers. The cab regulations require that drivers shall be on their vehicles on arrival of trains and shall remain there until passengers are clear of the station. Soliciting fares is rigidly forbidden and carriages are called from the ranks in turn. Overcharging and breaches of the company's rules are promptly punished. Sick and poor people and women with children are afforded the same facilities, when occasion requires, as the richest or those without encumbrance. Inferior cabs have been excluded, and passes to occupy the station stand are only granted after careful inquiry as to the general character and respectability of the applicant, who must also be the owner of the vehicle. At the north-east corner of the station stand the hotel runners in line with their coaches. On no account must a runner solicit passengers inside the depot. A policeman in uniform is always on duty at this point to maintain order and give information to travellers. Outgoing passengers are set down at the main entrance, on the east side of the depot, and their baggage is then taken round to the south side, where two doors open into the baggage department. Here is located the checking counter, attended by uniformed baggagemen. Canadian and American Customs' officers are also on duty to examine baggage crossing the boundary. Baggage, inward and outward, passes through separate doors from those used by passengers. On entering the general waiting-room (which is well heated and has seating accommodation for two hundred persons) from the main entrance, the offices of the Wagner and Pullman Car Companies are on the right side. On the left is the refreshment room, where meals can be had in the best style and quality at any hour. Next to the refreshment room is the commodious "parcel" and "inquiry" office—open day and night. Close by is a well-arranged newsstand. Across the room, on the right, is located the telegraph office, available at any time, operators being on hand during the twenty-four hours for the transaction of railroad and public business. Between the telegraph office and first class waiting-room is the ticket wicket. These offices are all designated by plainly lettered signs. The spacious first-class waiting-room opens out of the general waiting-room. This has also communication by a wicket with the ticket office. Beyond it is a handsome room for "ladies only," in charge of a matron, distinguished by a neat and appropriate costume, who is ready at all times to render assistance free of charge. Attached to this is a lavatory liberally supplied with toilet requisites. The "gents' lavatory" is in charge of a porter, and here also is found a supply of toilet necessities. A reasonable charge is exacted for cleaning boots,

but other services are rendered free. All the rooms are well-lighted, airy and easy of access. Two large swing doors on the west side of the general waiting-room open into a spacious promenade, from whence entrance is gained to the platforms from which trains arrive and depart. Along the promenade enamel sign-boards indicate the offices allotted to the "Customs," "Parcels," "Stores" and "Stationmaster's" departments. Here is located the "Second-class Waiting-room," with lavatory for ladies. Adjoining this is the men's "Second class Waiting-room." Both these rooms will accommodate a large number of passengers and are very comfortable. Smoking is strictly prohibited in all the rooms and offices, and is permissible only on the promenade. A uniformed official announces the arrival and departure of trains in the various waiting-rooms and on the promenade, so that nobody need be left behind nor run any risk of missing incoming friends. Under the lights, which are numerous, are hung neatly and plainly-printed cards, announcing from what tracks the fifty odd trains per day will leave. The tracks are numbered in large white figures on a red background. At the doors on the north-east side of the promenade, nearest the position of departing trains, are uniformed ticket examiners, whose duty it is to inspect tickets and direct passengers to their proper trains. The doors nearest the platform on which a train arrives are thrown open to facilitate egress. No trunks, baggage, mail or express are allowed to be run down the platforms until the passengers are clear, excepting when a close train connection has to be made, and then not more than are actually needed. The risk of accidents and confusion are by this method made least possible. Express goods are kept in the cars and unloaded as quickly as possible after arrival on a special siding at the corner of Mountain and St. James streets, where a building has been erected for their reception. Promenading on the train platforms is strictly forbidden, and the general public are not admitted, but ladies accompanied by children, or encumbered with baggage, or sick persons, may have any desired escort or assistance.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.—We read in the *London Morning Post*: "Two groups of statuettes just completed by Mr. P. McCarthy at his studio win instant admiration by their felicity of conception and delicacy of execution. In the first, which represents the parting of Paul and Virginia, the sculptor has treated a familiar but ever attractive subject with simple, unaffected grace and touching tenderness of sentiment. The figures are excellently posed, and so tastefully draped as to set off to the best advantage the symmetry of either form; and the expression of grief in each face is regulated with nice regard to the sex and character of the respective personages. The sorrow of Virginia is intensely feminine in its air of disconsolate abandon, while that of her lover is thoroughly masculine, an anguish not demonstrative, yet all the more bitter on that account, the compressed lip and the wrung brow bespeaking 'that within which passeth show.'"

N.B.—Paul and Virginia was twice executed in marble. The original for Thos. J. Gibb, Esq., of Tunbridge-Wellis was exhibited in the Royal Academy, where it attracted very favourable notice, and replicas were afterward made for the Earl of Malmesbury, the Marquis of Abergavenny, the late Baroness de Rothschild, and other distinguished Art patrons.

BUST OF ARCHBISHOP LYNCH.—The value of this bust is that it gives a more real and pleasing view of the head and striking facial features of the late distinguished prelate than any portrait of his that we ever saw. The reason is that the bust stands without glasses, whereas the portraits of His Lordship were, so far as we know, taken full-face, with heavy spectacles. This bust was much admired and appreciated by all classes in Toronto.

LUNCH TIME—HUNTING.—A winter scene in the pines, and thoroughly Canadian in all its appointments—the grey leaden sky; the straight, bare trunks of the trees; the sapling bent to a half moon; the fire of underwood and "brush"—precious fire! See how the "cook" bends over it for that indispensable hot water, which you must have in the wilderness as well as in the palace. The costume of the lonely hunters is also picturesque—the balmoral, the jersey, the "arrowy" sash—*ceinture fléchée*—and the top boots of raw moose hide. Oh! the loneliness of the great woods and the calm solitude of these hunters.

QUEBEC VIEWS.—Quebec is the ever beautiful, excelling in sublime and varied scenery every site on this Continent. One never tires of the old town, inasmuch as, like Cleopatra,

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.

The writer has often noticed that, if you drive in a caleche or cab, with your back to the horse and your face to the square opening behind, at every turn of the hill or street you have a new picture in the same old frame. The group of Bras d'Or scenes were much admired last week, but they were of the unpruned forest and wild nature. In the four views of Quebec, to day, you glance at historic ground as your eye slowly passes over the landscape. The top left picture is taken from the old Jesuits' barracks looking down Fabrique street, with the River St. Charles on the left; the beautiful village of Beauport full in sight; the glorious Côte de Beauport, past Lake Beauport and winding at the foot of the Laurentian Hills. Directly on the river front are the Princess Louise Docks. On the right hand side the eye gazes from the Esplanade, with the venerable house and gardens of the Ursulines straight before you; the new Court House a little lower to the right; still lower to the right, the rocky Heights of Levis; in front the graceful

shapes of the Isle of Orleans; and, on the far left, St. Anne's Mountain and Cape Tourmente. The third view, on the lower left, is drawn from the Parliament Buildings, with the Grande Allée sweeping beneath, and a row of palatial houses opposite, that of Mr. Shehyn being one; St. Louis Gate, spanning the street. On the right the scene is taken from an outer rampart of the Citadel, with old Dalhousie Gate opposite; the glacis and moats of the Citadel; the Barracks and the Officer's Quarters, with Notre Dame de Lévis, on the other side of the river. It would be impossible in such a small compass to see so many noble and historical sights.

BUFFALOES IN PRAIRIE FIRE.—This is another of Mr. Verner's spirited sketches of the Northwest. It represents the stampede of a herd of buffaloes before the overwhelming rush of a prairie fire, the noble herd seemingly swelling with fear; the eyes rolling red; the nostrils wide open; the huge hump rounded in muscular boundings, and the tufted tail swung high in air. We almost hear the thunder of their iron hoofs on the prairie grass and the roar of the flames sweeping onward like a whirlwind. It is a noble sketch, for which Mr. Verner deserves thanks, as it suggests to the Governments of the Dominion, Manitoba, and the N. W. Territories the propriety of keeping up the breed of the buffalo of our prairies, in ranches and public parks, so that the type of the grandest wild beast of America may not be wholly lost. While on this subject, we may reprint the hope, which we put forth editorially a few weeks ago, that the Hon. Mr. Dewdney may see his way to purchasing the last surviving whole herd of bison belonging to Major Bedson, for the National Park at Banff. The whole country would applaud the appropriation.

ON THE HUMBER RIVER.—The Humber is a river of considerable length, emptying into Lake Ontario about six miles west of Toronto, and in conjunction with the Holland River, which flows into Lake Simcoe, formed the great canoe route of the voyageurs from Fort Rouille to Lake Huron and the north in the old historic days. It forms one of the favourite holiday resorts, within easy distance, of the citizens of Toronto.

RECEPTION AT THE FRENCH ACADEMY.—This picture is given to show our readers the interior of the renowned institution called the French Academy, and how the proceedings of the reception of a new member are conducted. The speech of welcome is made by the Perpetual Secretary, and the "recipiendary" is the Count d'Haussonville, a member of the Legislative Assembly, and a writer on Social Economics.

We regret that, despite our best efforts made, we could not get any biographical notes of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Baldwin, Bishop of Huron, and Rev. Mr. Innes, of the same diocese, in time for this issue. But we shall publish them in our next number.

CANADIAN CAROLINE.

Mr. Thomas A. Gregg has been connected, at different times, with almost every newspaper published in Toronto, and has for some time been managing editor of the *Daily News*. He has recently published a poetical version of the legend of Caroline, the Algonquin maiden, and her murder in the Chateau-Bigot, near Quebec, which contains some very good descriptive lines. Mr. Gregg does not follow the legend, as told by Amedée Papineau, very closely, but supposes the murdered girl to be the daughter of Bigot's brother-in-law and friend by an Indian woman. Bigot discovers the relationship after he has won her heart, intending to ruin her pure young life, and that strange thing called "honour," which would not prevent his dishonouring an innocent girl, compels him now to abandon his marked design, because he promised his dying friend to find this half-breed girl and place her with her father's sister, his own neglected wife. His better nature having overcome his evil passion, he conducts the beautiful girl to the Chateau Bigot, intending to take her to his wife in the City of Quebec the following day. After bidding her good night, he sits by the fire, musing, until he falls asleep there. Meanwhile his jealous wife in the city, hearing stories of a new mistress brought into the chateau, rides swiftly to the place, murders the sleeping girl, and escapes, carrying with her the maiden's locket, containing the portrait of her brother. When Bigot, discovering his wife's crime, meets her and explains that she has murdered her brother's child, her reason almost forsakes her; but husband and wife seem to be drawn closer together by her crime, which is soon followed by his own political downfall, and they sail for France together, never reaching home, as the ship goes down at sea. Mr. Gregg's story is not historically accurate. Bigot was a bachelor, and his ship was not lost at sea. The first error may be pardoned, for it makes the story more interesting, but there seems to be no good excuse for the other.

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

"To point a moral and adorn a tale."
—Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

To enter upon a business career is looked upon by the Blue Bloods and the Blue Stockings as a prostitution of talents. At the risk of being considered almost sacrilegious, I shall venture to question the intellectual superiority of the successful author over the successful business man. In the complications of business, a retentive memory is no less serviceable, nor less frequently found, than in the labyrinths of literature. The rigid integrity, proverbially characteristic of the successful man of business, forms a strong contrast to the profligacy too often characteristic of the devotee's art. The business man requires, I think, a more accurate judgment than the author. The errors of the author are merely a matter for the critics; but the blunders of the business man mean ruin. And so, of stern necessity, the latter sees clearer and thinks straighter than the former; and, while the author is actuated by the unsubstantial consideration of a posthumous fame, the business man labours for the surer and more tangible object of ministering to the present necessities and luxuries of himself and those who may be dependent upon him.

The decrepitude and imbecility of age are generally denominated "second childhood." But the contrasts between age and childhood are more numerous than the points of resemblance. Maturity never, I think, approaches nearer to juvenility than in the sympathies of Christmas time. The model of a modern major-general waives his prowess for the time, and is easily vanquished by a boy with a tin sword; and the smiling labourer, whom one sees drawing home a cheap little sled on Christmas Eve, experiences no doubt as much pleasure from the toy as its prospective recipient. Christmas, in short, is like some youth-giving fountain of which the exhilarating waters bubble forth but once a year. And it is there that humanity enters upon its real second childhood.

The game of progressive euchre still continues to "progress." It has been disapproved of by some as being a mild form of gambling. But it lacks this characteristic of gambling, that nothing is forfeited by the player; the prize for which he plays is not the result of any deposit by him; he loses nothing anyway. Progressive euchre admits of some talking and considerable stir generally. For my own part I am such a restless spirit as to like the change of tables and of partners, and scores of other young hands at cards so far agree with me as to keep the game alive. Last session an elderly Senator expressed my views exactly. We were spending the evening at the house of a mutual friend, and the Senator was asked if he would like a game of whist. "Thank you," said he, "but I think I would rather talk."

In the temperance agitation, as in other agitations, the truth lies between extremes. The truth lies between the extremes of total abstinence on the one hand, and dipsomania on the other. The abomination of the liquor traffic is the outcome of the system of treating. Not long ago a gentleman, by no means averse to his glass, said that if I would start an anti-treating pledge he would be the first to sign it; and a prominent physician once said in my hearing that, in his opinion, treating should be made a penal offence. The opinion is gaining ground that the great evil of the liquor traffic is the outcome of treating. And along this line a new and, I think, a successful movement could be inaugurated. Any pledge for the personal abstinence of the inebriate is very likely to be broken; but a pledge simply to refrain from tempting others might, I think, be kept with comparative ease. When this is accomplished the cause of sobriety will have achieved a most signal triumph over a most formidable foe.

There are now three vacancies in the section of English Literature, which the Hon. Secretary, John G. Bourinot, has written to the members about, advising them to see to the choice of successors. The vacancies were caused by one death and two resignations.

MILITARY GENIUS.

We complete Lord Wolseley's estimate of the five greatest soldiers of history with Gen. Lee, of the Confederate Army, and give other bright observations of this keen student of the art of war. He says:

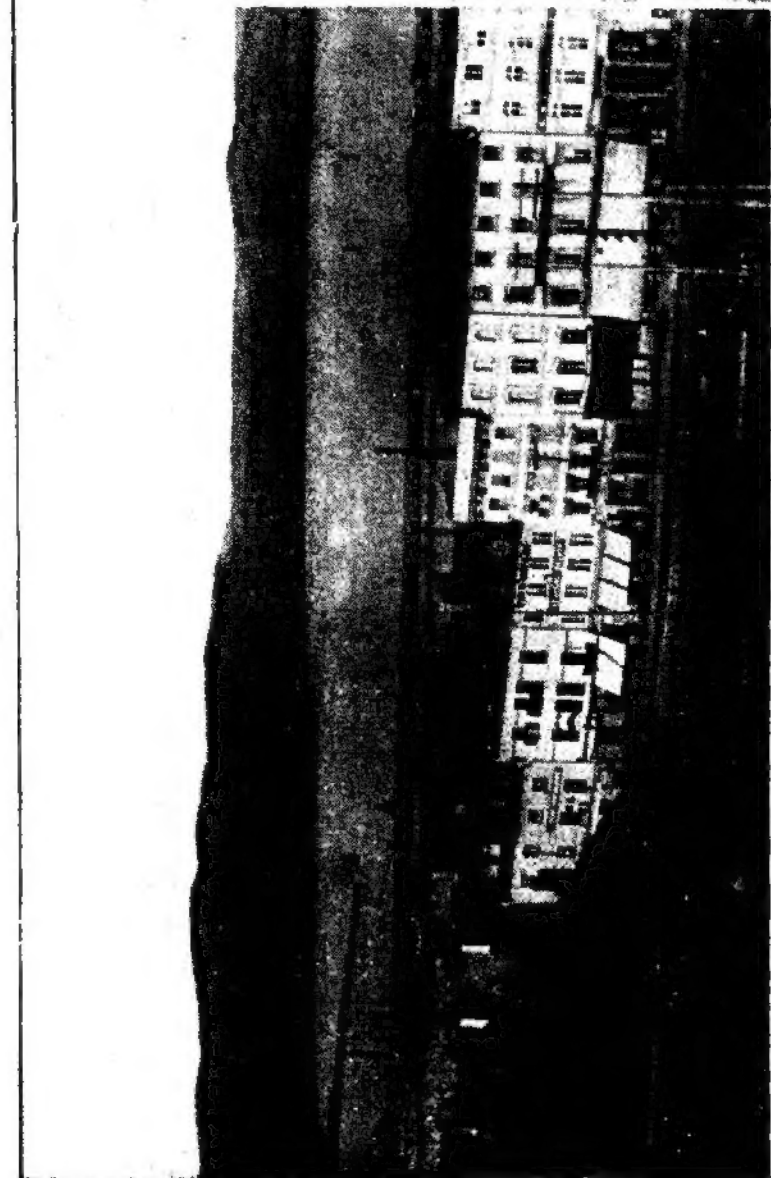
GENERAL LEE.—And lastly, let me glance at General Lee. Lee's strategy when he fought in defence of the Southern capital, and threatened and finally struck at that of the United States, marks him as one of the greatest captains of this or of any other age. No man has ever fought an up-hill and a losing game with greater firmness, or ever displayed a higher order of true military genius than did he when in command of the Confederate army. The knowledge of his profession displayed by Gen. McClellan was considerable, and his strategic conceptions were admirable, but he lacked one attribute as a General, without which no man can ever succeed in war—he was never able to estimate with any accuracy the numbers opposed to him. It was the presence in Lee of that intuitive genius which McClellan lacked which again and again gave him victory, even when he was altogether outmatched in numbers.

Small and large armies have each had their day. The present age is one of large masses of fairly trained soldiers, but it is by no means certain to me that the time may not yet come again when all nations will once more resort to small standing armies of the most highly trained and disciplined soldiers. We may find that the soldier, to be at his best, or to be even thoroughly efficient, will require such long and, above all things, such constant training, that an army consisting of a people in arms will be impossible. In fact, we may find out by and by that a comparatively small standing army of carefully selected men, the flower of the nation, highly skilled in all manly exercises, in all military arts, and kept in a constant state of perfect training, is a more effective weapon for fighting purposes than the slow-moving and more or less unweildy armies of the present day. It is only by a deep study of military history, of the military arts and sciences in all their phases, that heaven-born genius can be converted into the successful commander. Not even Jomini was more thoroughly conversant with all the great campaigns of Caesar, Hannibal, Terence, Marlborough and Frederick the Great than Napoleon was. Yet what is the lesson the history of the American war teaches us? All those whose names will be forever remembered in connection with it by the English speaking race throughout the world were educated soldiers. Lee and Grant, Stonewall Jackson, Sherman, McClellan, Sheridan, Longstreet, Johnson, Hill, and a host of others whose names are and will long be household words in their own States, were all graduates of West Point, that most excellent of military colleges.

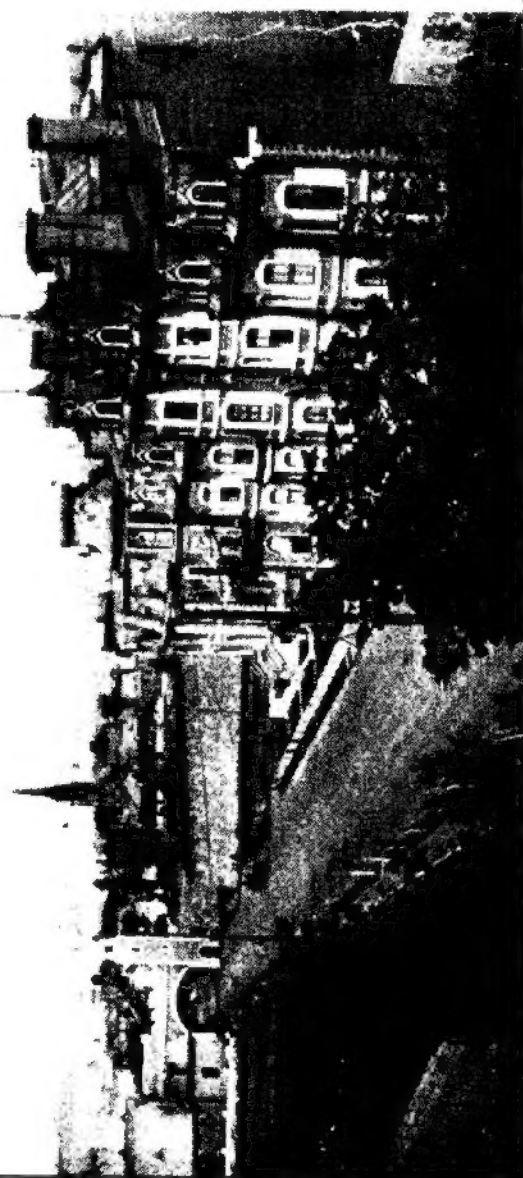
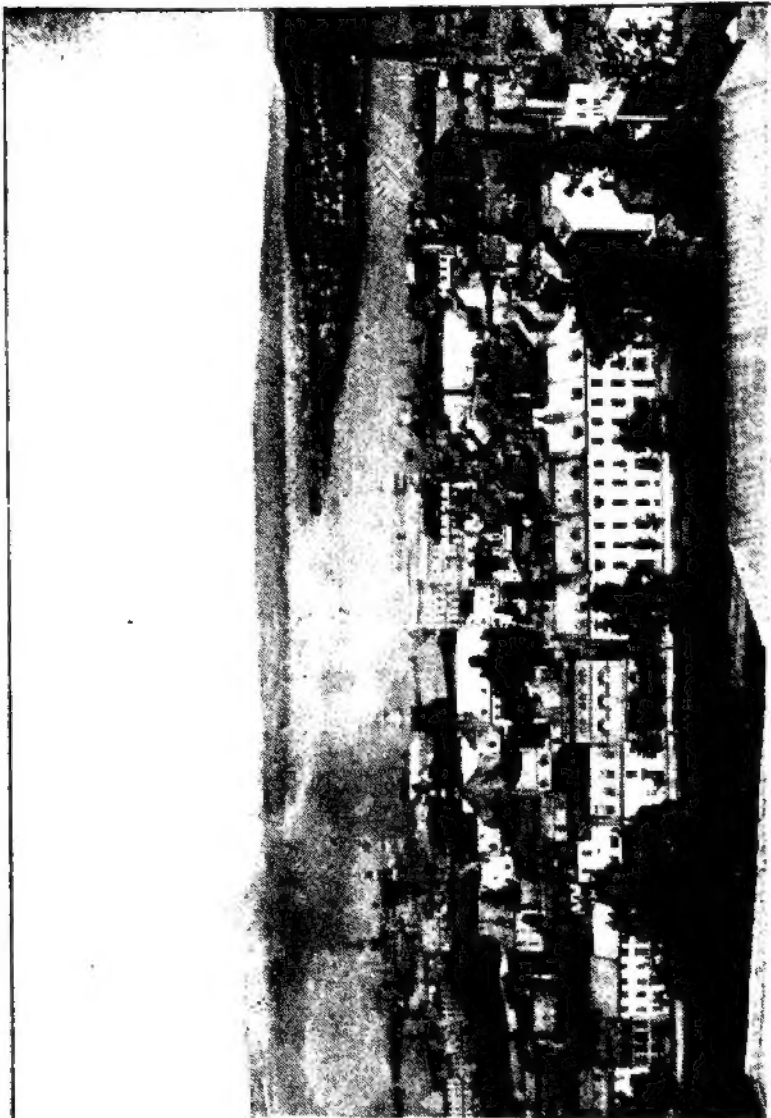
WONDERFUL VANCOUVER.

Less than four years ago the site of Vancouver, B.C., was a dense forest; to-day a flourishing city is located there, and it is rapidly becoming a place of commercial importance. The Customs returns of last month are indicative of Vancouver's prosperity. From the *News Advertiser* we learn that the value of the dutiable imports in November was \$32,537, against \$14,925 in November, 1887. The value of free imports in November last was \$15,317, against \$10,888 in November, 1887. The exports for last month were \$71,234, against \$54,305 for November, 1887, or an advance of over 31 per cent. The *Advertiser* points out that in the exports of last year there were included shipments of anthracite coal from the Banff mines to the value of \$15,000. There are no shipments of this coal being made at present, and, therefore, the general exports have really increased by \$15,000 more than appears by the returns, or at the rate of 81 per cent. The amount of the Customs receipts last month were \$13,094.43, against \$4,253.59 in November, 1887. These figures are indicative of Vancouver's commercial prosperity, and they are only part of the evidence that is forthcoming to show that the youngest city of the Dominion is making rapid strides in the highway of growth and progress.

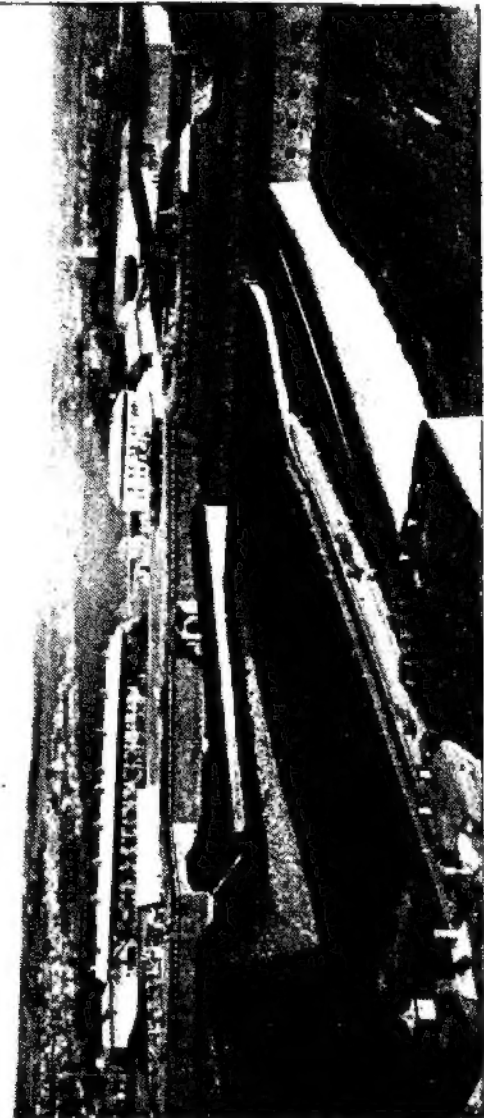
FABRIQUE STREET, LOOKING TOWARDS BEAUFORT.



FROM THE FORTIFICATIONS, NEAR ST. LOUIS GATE, THE ISLAND OF ORLEANS AND POINT LEVI IN THE DISTANCE.



GRANDE ALLÉE AND ST. LOUIS GATE.



THE CITADEL AND CLARKS, LEVIS IN THE DISTANCE.

VIEWS IN QUEBEC.

From photographs by an Amateur.



STAMPEDE OF A HERD OF BUFFALOES IN A PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

From a sketch by F. A. Verner.

The Lady in Muslin.

"You're sure, Gaunt, you've all you want within reach?" I said, coming back to his side with affectionate solicitude.

"Quite sure," he said, indifferently enough, and raising his eye-glass to survey my person, with perhaps just a touch of jealousy. "You're determined to do the thing in style," he added; "good luck."

"Good-bye," I replied with dignity.

I went along at a quick pace, the parcel under my arm, and soon arrived at the entrance of the cottage. As usual at that hour, all the blinds and awnings were closely drawn, and not a sound from living thing broke the stillness reigning around.

With rather a hesitating hand I gave a feeble ring, which received no answer; so, after patiently broiling in the sunshine for about five minutes, I rang again; another five minutes of patient suffering, then a rather more vigorous pull at the bell. Still no answer, till my patience exhausted, and my courage revived, I gave a tug which sent a good peal through the house.

This summons was answered by the Italian servant, who, evidently aroused from sleep, did not greet my appearance more civilly than usual. On presenting my card, and requesting to see his mistress on business, he gave me a sleepy, wary smile, and ushering me into a large well-shaded apartment, carefully closed the door on me.

I stayed there long enough to begin to feel a little nervous as to what I should say when in the presence of that mysterious lady, and how I should say it, and to listen eagerly to the closing and opening of doors, and the movement of feet along the uncarpeted floors, when the Indian returned, and with a lower bow than ordinary, requested me to follow him to his mistress's room.

He led me quite across the building to the room from which our interesting neighbour gave us nightly the pleasure of listening to her magnificent voice, and throwing open the door, admitted me into that mystic apartment. It was so closely shaded by Venetian blinds, that coming as I did from the glare of noon, it seemed like passing from day to night; the temperature was agreeably cool, and the sweet scent of flowers came not overpoweringly from the conservatory, which stood with its doors thrown open on one side of the room. The furniture was all of the lightest, airiest description; and the luxury of coolness seemed the only luxury admitted there, with the exception of a handsome rosewood piano, and a kind of sofa settee, from whose soft and abundant cushions my lady had evidently only lately risen, probably roused by myself from her usual midday slumbers.

I had time just to note all this, and to seat myself with studied ease on one of the chairs, when I heard a slight swishing in the adjoining room, and the door communicating opening slowly, in came the lady of the cottage—and—was it the lady at the railway station? The same filmy, cloudy style of dress, she had certainly; but then in summer most women affect that; she had also the same careless attitude and bearing; but then that profusion of blonde hair, worn drawn back from a brow that was particularly smooth and beautiful, and collected in the net at the back, gave a youthfulness to the face that was altogether wanting, and strikingly so, in that of my railway acquaintance. There was certainly a something which recalled her vividly; but then, curiously enough, in comparing the remembrance to the reality, the very peculiarities recalling her seemed to deny her identity. The expression resembled, but it certainly was not the same; the cast of the features, the complexion, resembled, yet were different, and I could no more have sworn to the lady at the railway station being identical with the lady at the cottage, than I could have sworn to the identity of the man in the moon.

I was so utterly bewildered with this strange resemblance, and non-resemblance, that as I stood bowing before her I almost forgot my errand, and in my curiosity lost sight of my embarrassment.

She stood before me in the shady light of the

apartment, calmly leaning one hand on the table, and waiting for me to speak, with the dignity of a queen giving an audience.

"I trust you will pardon my intrusion," I began politely; "I come to explain and apologize for a most unfortunate mistake on my part." As I spoke I pointed to the packet of books and unclosed envelope, which I had laid on the table.

"Ah!" she exclaimed quickly, and snatching up the letter, she read hurriedly the address, flushing deeply, I don't know whether through anger or any other emotion.

"My name being so similar"—I began again; but I stopped short, for the lady was running her dark eyes with intense anxiety over the letter, and apparently utterly heedless of my presence.

When she had finished she laid down the paper on the table; her eyes and expression seemed to quiet down, and with a smile she said:

"Make no apologies, pray; I see this is pure mischance, which, however, harms no one. A lady's correspondence generally contains no very great intelligence."

As she spoke she looked into my face with the same steady eager gaze which recalled my railway acquaintance strongly, and an expression of triumph, which, however, was but momentary, giving place to one of doubtful inquiry, came suddenly, making the resemblance so perfect that once again I felt convinced of their identity.

I proceeded to make some remarks explanatory, apologetical, etc., during which the lady, or as I suppose I may call her now, Miss Owenson, turned over her magazines, lingered lovingly over the fashions, and merely condescended to fill up the pauses I made to take breath by short "Oh, yes-es" and "oh, noes."

When, however, I took my hat, preparatory to departure, she suddenly threw off her indifferent and ennuied manner.

"Some evenings ago," she said, "you sent in to me for some music; you or Mr. —, I forget your friend's name."

"Oh, yes, Gaunt admired the song you were singing," I replied, in my turn, assuming the indifferent and careless.

"He seems a great invalid," she said, in an interested tone, going toward a pile of books and loose music, and beginning to turn it over. "I was sorry not to be able to give him the information he required. However, yesterday, by chance, I came on the very piece. Do you think he would care to have it now?"

I was perfectly aware that Dick knew as much about music as he did of metaphysics, but I did not hesitate to accept my lady's civil offer with enthusiasm, and to prophesy Gaunt's unutterable pleasure at the possession of such a treasure.

"He's an uncommonly good-hearted fellow," I said, alluding to my friend; "but he makes an abominable patient."

"He seems to have plenty of occupation certainly," she replied, "and his little girl, too; I suppose he is a widower."

"His little girl!" I exclaimed, smiling in spite of myself, and noticing how earnestly the lady listened and how earnestly she seemed to examine my smile. "My friend is not married; little Cecile is his niece and god-daughter."

Miss Owenson half drew back a step, not in a surprised or startled manner, however, and she said "Oh," in a low tone.

Suddenly changing the conversation, she pointed to the conservatory.

"Have I not made the most of my time?" she said; "when I came here there were six little geraniums, and now look."

I followed her willingly enough among her flowers, and certainly she had reason to be proud of the show they made. They were arranged with great taste; and amongst them I found some rare exotics, that evidently belonged to the hand of her Indian servant, and, I could not help suspecting, of her own too.

Of course I admired, and behaved as a gentleman similarly placed should behave, and would behave, when he has a very vivid idea that he is in company with a handsome, romance-loving opera star; but to my surprise my compliments

and soft speeches fell on very stony ground. My companion neither encouraged nor rebuffed such, she simply disregarded them; only now and then she addressed me some pointed question, concerning my own life, Gaunt, or little Cecile, that at last I woke me to the certainty of what I had at first dimly suspected, viz., that the lady of the cottage was merely spinning out her conversation on flowers, music, etc., that she might have the opportunity and leisure for what in school days I used to call "pumping" me.

Such a conviction was not flattering; but my curiosity as to her reason for so doing being piqued, I conquered my desire to make my bow and dignified exit, and allowed her to continue her game for a little longer.

When I did at length make my adieu, she held out her hand—a very creamy, plump hand, I remarked—in a friendly manner. And I left her presence, having certainly seen her face, and won the race of Gaunt, but more than ever puzzled as to who and what she was.

All that I could announce with any certainty to my friend was, that Margaret Owenson, Esq., was one of the most peculiar but beautiful women I had ever seen.

VII.

FISHING IN THE BOUNDARY STREAM.

That evening we were prevented talking about my morning call by the presence of the celebrated surgeon who had undertaken the cure of Gaunt's ankle. His presence also prevented our usual attentive observation of our neighbour, very much to my annoyance, for Cecile came once privately to inform me that the lady, dressed in black silk, was walking about the garden, and that she had nodded to her (Cecile). Of course I considered this friendly demonstration entirely owing to my own conduct and "tact."

To my great satisfaction the surgeon found Gaunt's foot so far recovered that he no longer ordered such strict rest; he gave us leave to try a short walk in the garden the following day, prophesying from the present state of the ankle a now speedy recovery.

For the next few days, if the lady of the cottage cared to cast her eyes in the direction of our verandah, she must have found it very frequently deserted. Gaunt, only too glad to make as much of his freedom as he could, had hired a light chaise, with a pair of capital ponies, and these animals he kept in perpetual motion, bearing him and me about somewhere or other. Cecile generally was of our party, except when we drove to the town of — (which was tolerably often, both of us tiring of the picturesque), or when we visited an old acquaintance of Richard's whom he had discovered on some distant expedition quite by chance.

I noticed all this silently; for I kept most rigidly to our tacit agreement that I should not seek to penetrate Gaunt's secret: but nevertheless I noticed it.

I was becoming very much accustomed, however, to the mystery, and it ceased to harass me. I accepted Cecile's presence without further questioning, and became so accustomed to hear her call Dick "Uncle," while she addressed me more familiarly as Mark, that I had almost forgotten that it was *not*, all things considered, the most natural thing in the world.

I dare say a woman's penetrating eye, in watching Gaunt's manner and behaviour to the child, would have guessed with tolerable precision Gaunt's actual connection with her. To my mind he seemed to treat her very much as I did myself. She was not a petable child, her greatest delight being to affect and be treated as the young lady. With a strange precocity, too, she appeared almost to understand that her position in our regard was strange and embarrassing; and, with true female delicacy, I have often noticed her remaining and evidently wearying herself in the garden for hours, rather than join us, when she fancied we were talking confidentially and didn't want her.

(To be continued.)

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

In *The Literary World* "George" asks: Who was "Sir Walter Vivien," of Tennyson's "The Princess?" And his son Walter? Was the latter a college friend of Tennyson's? Where is the mansion described in the introduction to "The Princess?" Am I wrong in stating that, to my knowledge, there are at least two scholars in Montreal who are able to answer these queries.

In Britain copyright runs for forty-two years from the date of first publication, or for the author's life and seven years from his death, whichever term should be the longer. The problem, then, is to find the date of publication of the poem, which you will probably be able to do by consulting the author's works in some library.

Frederick Noel Paton, in his *Chaucer*, of "The Canterbury Series," says that, with all his faults, Chaucer is the "Father of English Poetry," and that, "surpassed in versatility only by the unapproachable genius of Shakespeare," his writings pre-eminently belong to what De Quincey defined as the literature of power.

Madame Craven, of the La Ferronaye family, author of that extraordinary work, in two volumes, "A Sister's Recital," *Le Recit d'une Sœur*, has just published in French the life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the eminent writer, sister of Lord Granville. Another work of this most gifted French writer, who was married to Mr. Craven, an Englishman, is "The History of a Soul," lately set into English.

I offer my readers the following quaint and touching bit of verse, from a warm friend and admirer of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

LIL.

[The so-called flower of the Calla is not a blossom at all. It is a blanched leaf. Nature is full of these freaks.—*Grant.*]

There is a flower, so precious and so frail,
That Nature, fain to fence it all she can,
Hath bid unfurl a lovely leaf, snow-pale,
To shield it from the ruder touch of man.
Thus, like a rosebud in a priceless bowl,
Thine own bright purity outshines thy soul.

F. C. EMBERSON, M.A., B.C.L.

All Hallows E'en, 1885.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander Stewart regards the collie as the old indigenous dog of the British Islands—at once the deerhound, otterhound, terrier and shepherd's dog of the Scottish Gaels. Fingal's dog Bran, he says, was just an exceptionally strong and clever collie; nor would it be easy to persuade him that the faithful "Argus" of Ulysses, in far-off Ithaca, three thousand years ago, was other than the genuine collie of the same breed as the Fingalians, more than a thousand years afterward, in the hunting-grounds of medieval Scotland and Ireland.

In her last book of Essays, Mrs. Craik, author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, has some odd sayings. In spite of a slight prejudice against medicine, or rather surgery, as a profession for women, she has some eminently practical remarks to make on that subject, and her belief in woman's "business faculty" leads her to point out several branches of usefulness in which unmarried women might earn their living. On the marriage question she has certainly the courage of her opinions, and in the article "For Better, for Worse," she makes the wife's duty, under certain circumstances, almost the exact contrary to what is ordinarily inculcated.

The venerable Ontario judge who wrote "The Legend of Marathon," reviewed some weeks ago in these columns, will perhaps be interested to learn that, at the age of eleven years, Elizabeth Barrett Browning composed an epic on "The Battle of Marathon," of which Mr. Barrett, her father, was so proud that he had fifty copies printed and distributed. Its author criticizes her early work in later years, but the epic was evidently a noticeable piece of work for her age.

Professor J. S. Blackie contends that, while Latin, in its relation to Italian is a dead language, modern Greek, in its relation to ancient Greek, can in no sense be called a new or a different language. He seeks to prove this by copious quotations from a Greek translation of "Hamlet"

received by him from Athens the other day. The versatile Professor is certainly doing his best to create an universal interest in the language of Greece, but whether he will slay that "Hellenism" he so much detests is doubtful. It is a strange fad of the Professor's to write a few words in Greek on all his envelopes.

In the historic Isle of Iona, where St. Columba's monks copied and illuminated many Psalters and Gospels, a press has now been established which should revive something of the island's ancient glory in that direction. Several curious books have already been sent out, including forms of prayers used by ancient Hebridean sailors and Ossian's "Address to the Sun." All these works are roughly printed in outline, and then illuminated in water colours by the girls of Iona. This is a repetition of history of which the old monks of the "island of the waves" little dreamt.

TALON.

THE LAMENT OF DELILAH.

BY AMY ELEANOR HULL.

Naught now is left me but to mourn and weep,
And sob, and sigh, and grieve in troubled sleep;
No hope again to lie 'neath whispering trees,
Lulled, sweet and soft, to rest by evening breeze.
For I have done to death a nation's pride,
And God of all the Hebrews have defied—
And woe to Sorek sweet, that she should bear
On her green smiling breast a child so fair
To look upon, so black and false within,
So weighted down with guilt and hateful sin.

His form was like a mighty forest tree,
And his strong arms, when they enfolded me,
Like clinging ivy, which doth never fail,
And against which nor winds nor storms prevail.
His skin was like the polish'd ivory, fair
And smoothed by the soft hand of Time; his hair
Was black and burnished as the raven's wing,
His voice was sweeter far than song to sing.

As from the rising of the East's clear day,
I felt from out his eyes a mystic ray—
A ray that pierced my soul and set it free.
As love-sick youth doth seek the trysting-tree,
Or "panting hart" the limpid, "cooling streams,"
I sought his heart and there forgot in dreams
All else beside its throbbing, pulsing beat,
Which filled my burning veins with rapture sweet;
And night and day and all eternity
Seemed merged in blissful rapturous ecstasy.
Thus all to each, we loved, and envied not
Our Father's perfect Paradise, nor wot
We that a noisome reptile there some day
Would drag its loathsome, dank and slimy way.

The Philistines him from my circling arms
To steal then came. To tempt me of my charms,
They conversed much and long, nor thought to spare
In offering jewels rich, and silver rare.
But the sweet spell of love lay on my soul,
As dew-drops in the pure, white lily's bowl,
Or in the rainbow's shimmering tints a beam
Of purest sunshine; so their silver's sheen
Did nought avail, until its gleam laid bare
The deepest secrets of my soul, and there
I saw an all absorbing wild desire,
Prompted by vanity, to be still higher—
To equal Him in all the world most high,
Whose might cried from the earth unto the sky;
And as mad mothers do their loved ones slay,
I sought the power of my beloved to stay.

Three times his god-like head unto my breast
I did entice, and there made my request.
With lips pressed close unto his own, he said
Were like pomegranates, rich, and ripe and red.
As if beguiled, he answered as I bade,
But ever rose up, strong as staunchest blade,
Scatt'ring the vain Philistines as he moved,
And e'er resistless to the foe he proved.

At last he spake, his head upon my knee,
His tender eyes raised softly unto me
With love and rapture scarcely ever known,
As if he felt but me, all thought else flown.
Lulled, then, by sweet caress he, smiling, slept,
While, from the shadows, quick his enemies crept.
I raised a gleaming steel with cursed hand,
And on my knees his locks fell, strand by strand,
And seemed, the tendrils, as they quivering fell,
To pulse, and throb, and breathe of pains from Hell.
"Awake, my lord! Samson, awake!" I cried.
"The Philistines be on thee now!" he sighed,
And stretched his goodly limbs, then stood as one
Bereft of mind, by woman's guile undone.
Then slow he turned to where I, cowering, stood,
And gazed with loathing in his glance, so good
And kind erstwhile, and I, in wondrous dread,
Did prostrate fall, and bid him strike me dead.
Unfit to touch, he spurned me from his side,

And e'en the lords, mocking, did me deride,
And called me false, though I had tamed their foe,
And cast their silver back. In deepest woe
I saw them then strike out those eyes, whose light
Had led my soul to dreams from darkest night,
And drag him from me, as the sun from day,
Or from its mate some wounded bird of prey.

I hide myself from out the mocking crowd,
Whose laughing daughters now are all too proud
To even touch my trembling form; whose men
Do, jibing, fitly call me "one of them,"
"A warrior bold, the mightiest in the land,
Conquering, not by sword, but woman's hand."

I wander in lone groves untrod by man,
Where o'er my brow the pitying breezes fan;
I look for rest by rushing streamlets, where
The pebbled waters sing forever, "false and fair,"
And shudd'ring tree-tops murmur back; and stare
The wildest beasts; the birds do pass me by,
And brush I the sweet flowers' dew they die,
For I am cursed and scorned by them as well
As God, whose home is Heaven, whose footstool Hell.

The hair he loved to smooth is streaked with care,
For the hand of Sorrow hath been revelling there;
The light within the eyes he oft hath said
Were sweetest stars of night is quenched and dead;
The lips are pale that once his lips did press,
And wan the cheeks that flushed to his caress.
For gaunt despair forever there hath wrought,
In furrows deep, her agony of thought.
But worse than all, this heart, whose sweet
Glad throbs were all for him, for him each beat,
Is black, and sore, and scorched within my breast,
With but a single prayer—for peace—for rest.

MILITIA NOTES.

Colonel Villiers, D.A.G. of the 10th Military District, is spending his holiday among his old Hamilton friends. He is most enthusiastic about his new Winnipeg quarters.

Lieut.-Col. J. W. McGlashan lately died at Palestine, Texas, and his remains were brought to his old home, Montreal. He was the father of Captain McGlashan of the 38th Dufferin Rifles, Brantford.

The Lansdowne challenge cup, won by the New Brunswick team at the last Dominion Rifle Association matches, has arrived at Ottawa. There are one hundred and thirty-three ounces of solid silver in it and it cost four hundred and twenty dollars. The duty on it would be over eighty dollars, but an order-in-council will probably be passed admitting it free, as is customary in such cases.

"Linchpin," in the *Canadian Militia Gazette*, says that the two first regiments to enter Quebec after its capitulation by the French in 1759, were the last to leave it in 1871. To an officer and detachment of the Royal Artillery, escorted by the 6th Royal American Royals, was given the honour of hoisting the British flag at the Conquest, and upon the withdrawal of the Imperial troops from Quebec the Union Jack was handed over to Col. Strange by a detachment of the R. A. and the 60th Rifles.

The death of Colonel Francis Duncan, C.B., D.C.L., took place on the 16th ultimo, in the 52nd year of his age. Col. Duncan studied at Aberdeen University, from which he received the degree of L.L.D., and subsequently the degree of D.C.L., from Kings College, Windsor, N.S., as the *Record* informs us. He entered the Royal Artillery in 1855, and served with distinction on many occasions. During the Nile expedition Col. Duncan commanded at Wady Halfa on the line of communication, and for his services was made C.B., and received the war medal. He is the author of "The History of the Royal Artillery," "The English in Spain," and several works on military and colonial questions.

His Excellency Lord Stanley of Preston, Governor-General of Canada, has been pleased to make the following appointments upon his Staff, viz: To be extra aides-de-camp—Lieut.-Col. Philippe Landry, 61st Montmagny and 1st Islet Battalion; Lieut.-Col. John Russell Armstrong, New Brunswick Brigade of Garrison Artillery; Lieut.-Col. James Pennington Macpherson; Lieut. Arthur Edmund Curren, 1st Halifax Brigade of Garrison Artillery; Lieut.-Col. George Dudley Dawson, 10th Battalion Royal Grenadiers; Lieut.-Col. Edward Gawlor Prior, British Columbia Brigade of Garrison Artillery; Major Charles John Short, Regiment of Canadian Artillery; Major Hector Prevost, 65th Battalion Mount Royal Rifles. To be honorary aides-de-camp—Lieut.-Col. Hewitt Bernard, C.M.G.

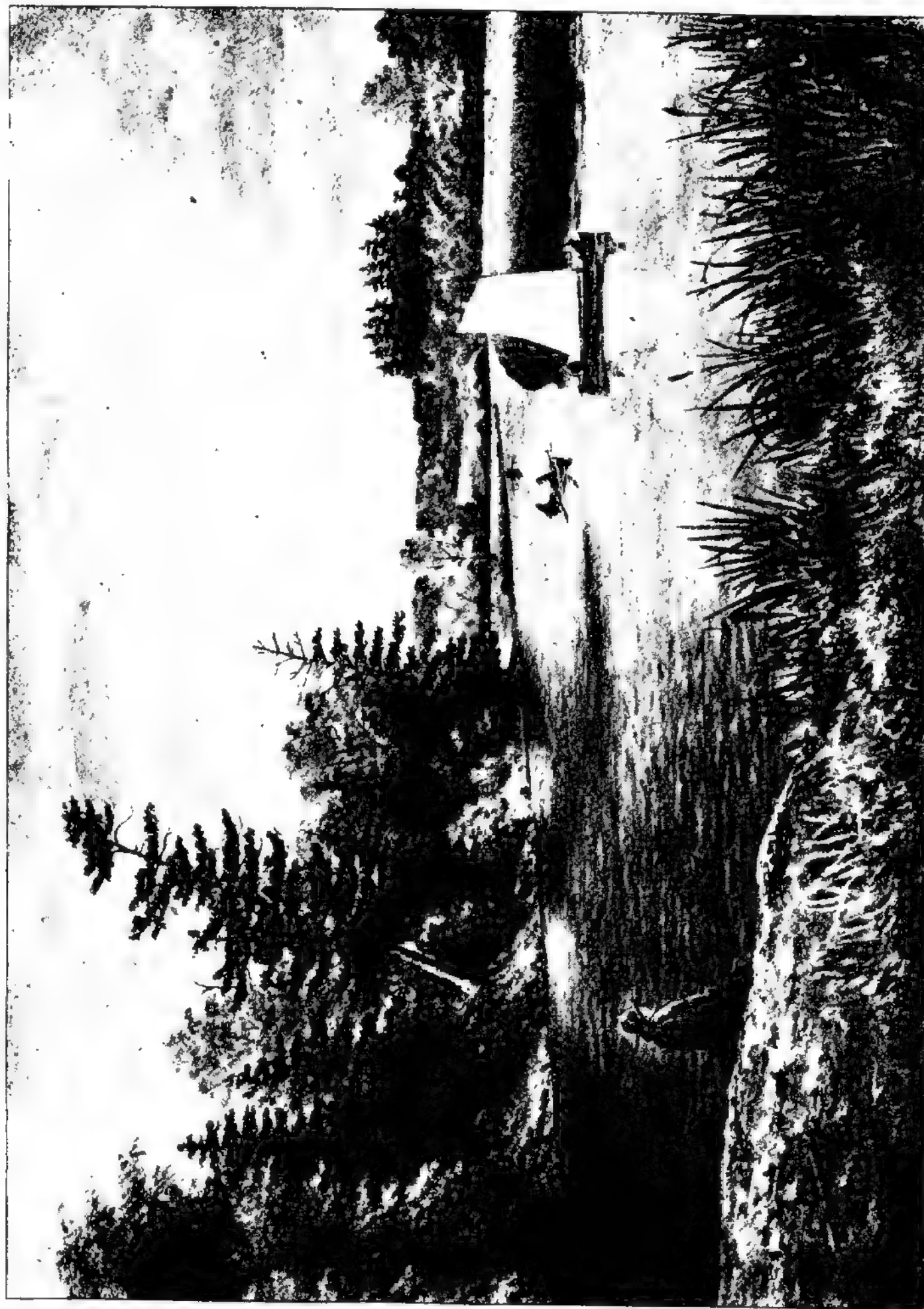
The first indication of domestic happiness is the love of one's home.

"There is no good substitute for wisdom," says Josh Billings; "but silence is the best yet discovered."

Like a piece of steel, that man is the strongest and most elastic who always retains his temper.

The sinner is the devil's miller, always grinding; and the devil is always filling the hopper, that the mill may not stand still.

No man or woman of the humblest can really be strong, gentle, pure and good, without the world being better for it; without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.



ON THE RIVER HUMBER, NEAR TORONTO.

From a sketch by Wm. Revell, A.R.C.A.



A RECEPTION AT THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

From *Le Monde Illustré* of Paris.



IMPERIAL WEEDS.—The dress worn by the Empress Frederick, which is the dress of a German widow, is very picturesque, though simple and severe. The gown, which is a long, plain one and covered entirely by crape, is only relieved by two long bands of white lawn, which go down from the neck of the gown in front to the feet. The widow's cap is black, and worn in a stiff point, which comes down low on the forehead, and to which is fastened a long black veil, falling almost to the feet behind. The three Princesses wear the same deep veil and cap, without the white bands which are the distinctive widow's dress.

CARE OF THE BODY.—Most of those who die between twenty-five and sixty, unless they die by accident, die by some indiscretion—such as the over-indulgence of appetite, or the neglect of food when needed, or the overstrain of business, or exposure to changes of temperature without corresponding changes of clothing. It is intelligent caution that saves sickness; and this caution ought to be in possession and exercised before middle-life. It is so much easier to prevent serious sickness than it is to secure recovery from it. Hence it is that many who are deficient in vigour in early life outlive the vigorous and careless.

A PRETTY CUSTOM.—For generations a certain Japanese family had a box, into which they put percentages. Said one of them: "If I want to buy a garment that costs one dollar, I buy it for eighty cents; or give a feast that would cost five dollars, I give it for four dollars; or to build a house for one hundred dollars, I build it for eighty dollars, and put the balances in the box. At the end of the year we meet, open the boxes, and give the contents to the poor. It costs us some self-denial, but we are always prosperous and happy." They call this worshipping "The Great Bright God of Self-Restraint."

EVERLASTING YOUTH.—One who saw Patti the other day in Paris could see no visible change, no mark of the past ten or fifteen years upon her. She was still as slim and rounded, still without a grey hair in her head or a wrinkle upon her. There had not come under her chin that small break in the contour of the throat, which is the first knell of dead youthfulness. Her hair lay in rich, plentiful black locks about a brow where not one line was to be seen. Her eyes were clear and bright as a child's, her cheeks smooth and pink, her teeth snowy and faultless, and the delicate lines of her figure just what they were a score of years back.

GREAT WOMEN.—The *Pall Mall Gazette's* request for lists of the world's twelve greatest women has produced this collective vote, given in order of preference:—

Joan of Arc.....9	St. Theresa.....2
George Sand.....8	Aliah Bae.....1
Queen Elizabeth.....7	Deborah.....1
Maria Theresa.....6	Helen of Troy.....1
George Eliot.....6	Aspasia.....1
Mme. Roland.....6	Mme. de Maintenon.....1
Catharine of Siena.....5	Monica.....1
Sappho.....4	Emily Bronte.....1
Mrs. Browning.....4	Jael.....1
Esther.....3	Empress Helen.....1
Charlotte Bronte.....3	Zenobia.....1
Mme. de Stael.....3	Lady Rachel Russell.....1
Elizabeth Fry.....3	Marguerite of Navarre.....1
Mary Somerville.....3	Boadicea.....1
Semiramis.....2	Mme. de Sévigné.....1
Catharine II.....2	Susannah Wesley.....1
Isabella of Castile.....2	Mrs. Stowe.....1
Margaret Fuller.....2	Josephine Butler.....1
Mary Wollstonecroft.....2	Miss Willard.....1
Jane Austen.....2	St. Elizabeth of Hungary.....1
Maria Edgeworth.....2	Grace Darling.....1
Florence Nightingale.....2	Louise Michel.....1
Judith.....2	Mrs. Besant.....1
Cleopatra.....2	Charlotte Corday.....1
Rosa Bonheur.....2	Hesba Stretton.....1
Mrs. Booth.....2	

HERE AND THERE.

THE STUART EXHIBITION.—The Stuart exhibition opened in London on the 30th ult. Over one thousand articles, more or less intimately connected with the royal house of Stuart, are on view, and the collection includes portraits, rings, gloves, body linen, autographs and snuff boxes. The relics of Mary, Queen of Scots, are the most interesting. There is a beautiful silver draught board, upon which she used to play, and a broad, silken leading string, which she or her nurse was wont to tie round the waist of little King James I. to keep him out of mischief when he was learning to walk.

THE CARDINAL NOT A POLITICIAN.—Cardinal Newman has always held himself aloof from politics, but he is known to entertain broad Liberal views, although, of course, on the education question his sympathies are with the Conservatives. At the 1885 election he was the very first to record his vote at the polling station close to the Oratory. His last appearance in the dignity of his office was at the festival of St. Philip Neri, the founder of the Order of the Oratory. Cardinal Newman has held St. Philip's character in the deepest reverence. He has written of the saints in words of sweet affection, and he always preached the sermon at the Saint's festival.

A GRAVE WITH A HISTORY.—There is a little hillock, overgrown with grass and weeds, in a Georgia cemetery, which has a curious history. Georgia voted for William Henry Harrison in 1840. This State was one of the most closely contested battle grounds in that campaign. The people of Laurens County were ardently for Harrison. When the President died, in 1841, a casket was interred in the cemetery in honour of Wm. Henry Harrison, and for many years it was visited annually and decorated by the ladies of the place. Since the war the grave has been neglected, but the election of the grandson to the Presidency has revived interest in the little mound.

EUGENIE'S ENGLISH RESIDENCE.—I see it is stated that the physicians who attend the Empress Eugenie have informed her that she would have "good health" if she would decide to leave England. The fact is that the Empress is just as well in England during half of each year as she would be in any other country; but some of her relations, and the Bonapartist party generally, are excessively apprehensive that the Empress will bequeath a large part of her fortune to Princess Beatrice, who is a great favourite. The Empress, however, has much resented these attempts to withdraw her from England, and probably foresees that, once a resident on the Continent, she would be as much worried by her anxious and expectant relations as was Miss Crawley when she had Mrs. Bute attacking her on one side and Mr. Pitt and Lady Southdown on the other.

BEAR DISCIPLINE.—A traveller who was crossing the Rocky Mountains overheard a teamster tell the story of a mother bear and her cub, giving what he called a good example to human mothers in family government. The teamster was going up the mountain for pine logs, driving a waggon. On the top of a large rock, by the side of the road, was a young bear. The mother had started up the mountain as the team approached. "The cub looked so cute," said the teamster, "lying there with its paws dropping over the edge of the rock, watching the horses as they came up. Presently, the old bear came bounding back to the cub, and, giving it a nudge with her nose, started up the mountain again, expecting the 'young one' to follow. But the cub made no move. The old bear then came back the second time, and, taking up the cub in her arms, gave him several cuffs. This time the cub obeyed orders and followed the old bear in a gallop up the side of the mountain. He knew, that cub did, that he'd better mind, for the old bear wouldn't stan' any more foolin'."

Friendship has steps which lead up to the throne of God, though all spirits come to the Infinite; only love is satiable, and, like truth, admits of no three degrees of comparison; and a simple being fills the heart.

BRAVE WORDS.

At the late banquet of the Toronto Board of Trade, among other speeches, equally national and loyal, the Hon. Mr. Mowat made a speech that is so thoroughly satisfactory and encouraging as to deserve to be treasured in the columns of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*, which is devoted to the same mission. Our report is taken from that of the *Globe*:

Hon. Oliver Mowat, who was received with loud cheers:—My name was associated with that of the Premier of Canada in the toast that you have just drunk. It is not often that we are associated together. (Applause and laughter.) He has reminded you that twenty years ago there was an association between us, and that I assisted in framing the Constitution under which we live. That accounts for its being so good a Constitution. (Laughter.) But no human work is perfect, and I would like to see that Constitution improved a little. (Applause.) We have had twenty years' experience of its working, and if the Premier would only deign to adopt some suggestions I might make I am sure it would be very much improved. He has had the confidence of this country for a great many years, and has exercised a very important influence over its affairs; he has yet, I hope, many years of official life before him, and I believe I could suggest to him some improvements, the making of which might be the crowning act of his political career. He has said a good deal with which I heartily agree. When he speaks of loyalty to the Dominion and to the Old Land, he says nothing in which I do not heartily join. (Applause.) I speak on this occasion for the whole Legislature, my opponents as well as my friends, when I say that we are agreed upon the importance of the Board of Trade, the integrity and ability, the enterprise and public spirit of the merchants of Toronto. (Applause.) We agree also in our attachment to the Old Fatherland. During the many years that I have sat in the Ontario Legislature I have never once heard one member of that House say one disloyal word. (Cheers.) I have never heard one member of that House express one disloyal sentiment. (Cheers.) I have never once heard one man express discontent at our British connection. We all rejoice that we are British subjects. We all rejoice to know that Canada is a part of that great nation. It stirs our hearts to know that British history is our history—(applause)—that the glory and civilization of the Fatherland are our glory and our civilization—(applause)—that its great men, its patriots and its statesmen, its soldiers and its philanthropists, its poets and philosophers, all belong to us—(great cheering)—because we are of the same blood. Our Constitution is the best that at that time we could frame—and taking into account our power of improving it, it is the best Constitution that any country ever had. (Applause.) I agree with him that, on the whole, it is a better Constitution than that of the United States—(applause)—and because it is so good, I would like to see it still better. (Applause.) Canada has made great progress, and that progress has led to discussions in regard to our future. Some think that our Constitution, as it is, may be a permanent one. Some speak of Imperial Federation. Some speak of Independence and friendly alliance with England. Some speak of Annexation. I am not for Annexation, as I am glad to know that you are not for Annexation. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) You and I love our country better than any other country. We prefer being British subjects to being the subjects or citizens of any other nation in the world. For myself I would rather be Premier of Ontario than Governor of the State of New York. (Applause.) If I had any higher public ambition, which I have not, I would rather be Premier of Canada than President of the United States. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) No one can help respecting the United States; but it is one thing to respect, it is another thing to join them. One great obstacle to union, one which I would like Canadians to regard as fatal to consideration of the subject, is the fact that we cannot but regard

that nation as a hostile nation. There are many American citizens who do not share in that animosity. But we have had such proof lately that we would be blind not to see that as a nation they are hostile to us. (Applause.) There ought to be perfect amity between the two great nations, and when perfect amity exists Annexation may be looked at in a new light. But Canada will never give nor sell herself to a hostile nation. (Applause.) Mr. Mowat concluded this part of his speech by expressing in the strongest way his conviction that the loyalty of Canada was so firmly rooted that it could stand the strain of improved trade relations with the United States.

OUR EYES MET!

Eyes that loved to meet
Star sisters answering under crescent brows.

—Cyril.

Once in a fairy shallop,
That plied from shore to shore,
Chance voyagers we floated;
A maiden rowed us o'er.
Together for a minute,
Doomed evermore to part;
Your mien was cold and stately,
And I was sad at heart.
You gazed toward the sunset,
I watched the wavelets roll;—
Our eyes met, one swift moment,
And flashed from soul to soul.
We parted at the willows,
And never changed a word,
But from your eyes, O Sweet Heart,
A madrigal I heard.
It whispers low at matins,
By noon it fails the ear,
In moonlight and at sunset
It carols true and clear.
And when your white soul wingeth
Its flight to heaven above,
Think, ere from earth it springeth,
That our eyes met, my Love.

F. C. EMERSON.

KOMOH.

When shadows interwoven grew,
And earth put on a sterner hue;
Slid softly o'er the waters dark,
As feathers light, a birchen bark.
Fleet is the foot of caribou,
When skims he o'er the frozen wild;
And thou, morose and tawny child,
With hand to bough and paddle true.
Lightly o'er the wave thou slidest,
Like a meteor on thou glidest;
'Neath the veiling of the night,
Indian doth his vengeance light—
Indian vengeance burneth bright.
Winding o'er the forest ground
All day long, the nosed hound,
Tongueless, ran the scenting round,
Nor a print of Indian found.
Lies he stretched upon the swart,
A faithful watch, a warning guard;
Cause but one dry twig to part,
From his whining sleep he'll start.
Arrow standeth in his heart!
In the fort, the fair is sleeping,
Calmly lieth on her bed;
Slumber o'er the senses creeping,
Sinketh heavily like lead.
Fancy cometh, hand in hand,
Walk they in the long'd-for land:
Sunny land of mirth and dance—
Pleasant, sunny land of France.
Feel the hour of trial nigh,
The long black line is fading fast;
Feel the breeze and breathe a sigh:
She ploughs the wave—at last! at last!
Now a dream of yesterday,
When her lord, to bring surprise
To the savage, sped away.
See! the tears are in her eyes—
Tears of anguish. Lo! the night,
Like a phantom or a fear,
Flyeth from the wings of night;
Dawn is breaking, he is near.
Soon, caressing and caressed,
Breaks the truant spell; her eye
Sees an arm uplifted high.
God! the knife is in her breast!
From the bone the flesh is torn,
Bloody scalp in triumph borne;
With its flood of yellow hair,
Komoh at his belt will wear.

Quebec.

FOY.

A WELCOME LETTER.

The two beautiful sonnets which we published last week, entitled "Isaac de Razilly," were sent us in a letter, most complimentary to the author and ourselves, from Hon. J. W. Longley, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia. It is the Rev. Arthur J. Lockhart himself who writes us as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Whittier, Mr. Pickard (who is, by marriage, a relative of the Bard of Amesbury), Mr. Lighthall, and yourself, have made a pretty effectual appeal (pray, mention not this aloud), to the vanity of your correspondent. I am desirous, not very effectively, of doing something by which our Canada may be more, as was Burns for dear Auld Scotland's sake; but as one of my literary confreres observes: "The fate of a writer who can tell?"

One thing—I am delighted with the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED and your editorship of it. I show it to everybody, and it is looked upon with a sort of astonishment, because of the beautiful pictures and the elegant grace of the whole thing. The illustrations are an attraction to me, but it is more that I am brought *en rapport* with the literary and poetic cults of the Dominion, yourself conspicuously among others. Before I had seen his book, I had noted the strength of certain of John Reade's sonnets, and thought him then, as I do now, one of the foremost of our verse writers. Weir has a rich flowerage, coming to fruit; and why should I mention Mair, Duvar, Roberts, Lampman, Sangster, and the others, save to acknowledge well established excellence?

By the bye, Lampman's "Among the Millet" is a very notable contribution to our letters. I hope you will notice it shortly in your appropriate department for such things. He deals felicitously with Nature, and loves her much, and there is luxury and Keatsian richness of phrase in his descriptions of her. His sonnets are particularly fine in some instances.

Your poem, and Mair's, Reade's and Miss McLellan's are very attractive features this week, and Duvar's Egyptian picture, of a former issue, were bewitching in their artistic realism.

I thank you most heartily for your friendly notice of my volume. I have found a most brotherly welcome among Dominion authors hitherto. Mr. Lighthall and Mrs. Curzon have made me feel indebted for many kindnesses, and I must ever hear their names and read their words with peculiar pleasure.

With high regard,

Yours fraternally,

ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

East Corinth, Me., January 4, 1888.

P.S.—Since I wrote this have read your song, "Empire First," and account of it. I jumped and clapped my hands. So did Mrs. L. Why, that beats all. A Methodist can't help shouting "Hallelujah!"

THE STAGE.

This week Nellie McHenry and the Salsbury Troubadours are administering fun in a varied programme to the frequenters of the Academy.

Madame Albani, our own Canadian prima-donna, is coming. She is on the way hither across the ocean now, and is expected to sing at the Queen's Hall on the 26th and 29th inst. No comment is necessary. Seats will be at a premium.

The Stetson Opera Company have been performing "The Yeoman of the Guard," "Ruddigore," and "The Mikado," at the Academy. The company has a good bass voice in Brocolini, and a good contralto singer and actress in Miss Alice Carle. Miss Lamont's soprano is very ordinary. The chorus is weak, but works well together. The orchestra is good. "The Yeoman of the Guard" is a pretty play, but a poor opera. Apart from the prayer chorus, in the execution scene, and the glee-like quartette, in the second act, there is no remarkable music in it. It is not to be compared to "Patience" or "The Mikado."

The M. A. A. Dramatic Club played H. J. Byron's comedy of "Old Soldiers" in the Gymnasium Hall, on the 10th and 11th inst., most creditably. The stage setting was good and the ladies and gentlemen—all amateurs—that took part in the play, shewed histrionic ability and careful study. The principal parts, *Lionel Leverett*, by Mr. D. Rennoldson; *Cassidy*, by Mr. J. B. H. Rickaby; *Mary Moss*, by Miss Phemie Allan, and *Mrs. Major Moss*, by Mrs. Rickaby, were filled in a natural and easy manner, that would have done credit to professionals. Miss Mary Prowse, Mr. J. D. Miller, Mr. S. Brodie and Mr. S. M. Baylis, each did well, the constraint exhibited by one or two depending probably on the ungrateful nature of the characters they were portraying. The Club is to be congratulated on the successful opening of its season's entertainments.

"My boy," said a father to his young son, "treat everybody with politeness, even those who are rude to you. For remember that you show courtesy to others not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one."

There is a sunshine of the mind, a happy temper of disposition, which far outweighs all external advantages; but this sunshine of the mind the man of honour and probity alone experiences. No bribe can purchase it for the unjust.



A good woman is seldom the cause of any evil. It was not Eve, but a crawling reptile, that dispossessed the Adam family of its pleasant pre-emption.

"Do you like poetry, Nellie?" "Yes, George." "What kind do you like best?" "Well, whenever I see you walking I admire the poetry of motion."

"Ah!" exclaimed a dude to a somewhat noted dudine; "why have you dyed your hair?" "Oh, because George wished it. He wanted my hair to match the colour of his horses."

A Milwaukee man has struck an excellent idea. He charges the barber at the rate of a dollar an hour for time spent in waiting for his turn, and generally comes out even at the end of the year.

With this regard be ever turned away
And lost in bliss or living? Soft you now;
O critics, scribblers, in your comments
Be all pros and cons remembered.

A Michigan woman practised with a revolver until she could hit a suspender button at eight paces. Then there came a burglar into the house, early one morning, and she sent a bullet ping-pong through her husband's left ear.

Mr. Fickleby: "Do you know, Miss Dewitt, you looked charming at the ball the other night." Miss Dewitt: "Nonsense; I don't believe it." Mr. Fickleby: "Oh, but you did. Actually, I didn't recognize you at first."

"I know I've got a vein of poetry in me, sir," confidently asserted the young man to the editor, "and all I want is a chance to bring it out. What would you suggest, sir?" "I think you had better see a doctor and have it lanced."

Cowboy (by moonlight on the prairies): "The preachers say as how folks die and go to live in the stars. Can you b'lieve that, pard?" Partner: "It mought be, Bill. Now there goes a shootin' star; some cowboy must hev got sent thar."

Philadelphia editor: "I understand you have bought a newspaper in the West. Is it a well equipped office?" Old friend (from the West): "I should smile. There are seventeen Winchesters in the composing room and two gatling guns at the head of the stairs."

Citizen (to Uncle Rastus, who is driving a mule with a heavy load on): "Oh, I say, Uncle Rastus, I want to speak with you a moment." Uncle Rastus: "Kaint do it now, boss; 'deed I kaint. I got dis yere mule sta'ted, 'an ef I stop him now he'll neber go agin."

Before the first baby is four months old its photograph must be taken, and copies sent by its doting parents to relatives and dear friends. The second baby, although it may be as beautiful as a poet's dream, is a mighty lucky youngster if it gets its photograph taken before it is four years old.

Some gentlemen once urged upon Mr. Lincoln that Secretary Chase was ambitious and should be removed. Mr. Lincoln's reply was a story of a boy who was trying to whip a fly from a horse with which he was ploughing. The father said: "Let that ere fly alone; it's what makes the old horse go."

The dialogue between the United States and Canada in regard to their future relations would, if the idea of a proposal by the former is negatived in Congress, take the shape of the nursery rhyme:

"I'll not marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

Young sister: "Mother, I think it is too bad. I am sixteen, yet you make me wear such short dresses that it mortifies me terribly." Mother: "My dear, you cannot wear longer dresses till your elder sister is married." Younger sister: "Well, she is as good as engaged to Mr. Doolittle, and I think I'm entitled to an extra flounce."

Two friends, G. and H., are in the French Cathedral in Montreal. G. notices a number of pews near together, each ornamented with a large white card, containing the words A Louer, and remarks, in all seriousness: "H., this man A Louer must have a very large family. See how many pews he has." H. explains, and takes great pleasure in showing G. the various houses owned in Montreal by the same man, A Louer. (Fact).

A lady once visited the Hon. James Bridge, a famous Augusta lawyer, who acquired a large fortune and was a power in his day and generation, and asked him to subscribe to a certain charity. A liberal donation, she told him, would redound to his honour. "I must disagree with you, madam," said Bridge. "My experience has taught me that in this world people are respected more for what they have than for what they have given away."

"Your story, Mr. Winterkill," said the magazine editor to the rising young author, "suits me very well. I observe some trivial faults, however. For instance, you describe the heroine's canary as drinking water by 'lapping it up eagerly with her tongue.' Isn't that a peculiar way for a canary to drink water?" "Your criticism surprises me," said Mr. Winterkill, in a pained voice. "Still, if you think your readers would prefer it, perhaps it would be better to let the canary drink its water with a teaspoon."

"A capital wine that, sir," quoth Mr. Meanways, as he passed the port, which had been in a decanter for the last six months; "you'll find that there's body in it, sir." "So I perceive," replied the gloomy guest, as with a spoon he reverently fished the carcass of the Last Fly of Summer out of his glass and laid it on the side of his plate.

"Wait a minute, young man," said the eminent statesman to the reporter, who had finished holding an interview with him and was about to go. "You have not asked me whether or not I would accept a Cabinet office if it were tendered me." "Sure enough, I forgot. Well, senator, would you?" "That is a question, my dear sir, that I prefer not to answer," replied the senator, modestly.

Young doctor: "Yes; I expect that it will go pretty slow when I first open an office until I get started a little." Old doctor: "Well, you bet it will. Why, when I first hung out my shingle I sat in my office for three months, and only had one case." Young doctor: "Whew! That was pretty tough, wasn't it? Only one case; and what was that a case of?" Old doctor: "A case of instruments."

CHINESE TEA SONG:

Oho ometo th ete asho pwit hme
Andb uy a po undo fthebe st,
'T willpr oveam ostex cellentt ea,
Itsq ua lit yal lwi lla tte st,
'Tiso nlyf oursh illi ngs apo und,
Soc omet othe teama rtan dtry,
Nob etterc anel sewh erebefou nd,
Oot hata nyoth er needb uy.

Chaplain: "So poor Hopkins is dead. I should have liked to speak to him once again and have soothed his last moments; why did you not call me?"

Hospital Orderly: "I didn't think you ought to be disturbed for 'Opkins, sir, so I just soothed him as best I could myself."

Chaplain: "Why, what did you say to him?"

'Orderly: "'Opkins,' sez I, 'you're mortal bad.'

"I am," sez he.

"'Opkins,' sez I, 'I don't think you'll get better.'

"No," sez 'e.

"'Opkins,' sez I, 'I don't think you can hope to go to 'eaven.'

"I don't think I can," sez he.

"Well then, 'Opkins,' sez I, 'you'll go to 'ell.'

"I suppose so," sez 'e.

"'Opkins,' says I, 'you ought to be wery grateful as there's a place perwided for you, an' that you've got somewhere to go. And I think 'e'ard, sir, and then he died.'"



NOT ALLOWED TO TALK AT TABLE.

EUGENE: Ma, may I say something?

MOTHER: You know that you are not allowed to talk at table.

EUGENE: Can't I say one word?

MOTHER: No, Eugene.—When Pa is through reading his newspaper, we will hear what you have to say. (Pa, after reading awhile, puts the paper aside, and questions Eugene; and the family await pleasantly the pent up speech of the prodigy.) Now, Eugene, what did you wish to say?

EUGENE: I wanted to say,—that upstairs, in the bath room,—the water pipe's burst!

Tableau!

Confederation Life

TORONTO.

SECURITY.

THE HOME CO.'Y.

Satisfaction.

* BINDING VOL. I. *

— OF —

The Dominion Illustrated

We are prepared to receive orders for binding the volume in neat cloth, bevelled boards, gold title on side and back,

AT 75 CENTS EACH.

We will supply the covers alone at 50 cents each; by mail, 60 cents.

THE BOUND VOLUME FOR \$2.75.

INDEX TO ENGRAVINGS AND LETTER PRESS NOW BEING PRINTED.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON,

+ + PUBLISHERS, + +

No. 2 Barron Block, - - 162 St. James Street,
MONTREAL.

Banff Springs Hotel

— ROCKY MOUNTAINS. —

THE

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

ARE OFFERING FOR SALE

RETURN * * * * *

TICKETS

FROM

Montreal, Ottawa & Toronto

TO THE

Banff Hot Springs Hotel

In the Rocky Mountains, including SEVEN DAYS' BOARD at the Hotel, for

\$80.00

Further particulars can be obtained from Ticket Agents of the Canadian Pacific Railway

266 St. James Street, Montreal.

42 Sparks Street, Ottawa

110 King Street West, Toronto.

BARKER'S SHORTHAND SCHOOL

Hundreds of pupils have been placed in the best positions. Typewriting at

BENGOUGH'S TYPEWRITER AGENCY, adjoining the School. Full particulars in Circulars for which please apply.

No. 47 King Street East,

Toronto.

DRINK LIFE-GIVING ST. LEON WATER.

WHOLESALE AGENTS:
QUEBEC: GINGRAS, LANGLOIS & CO.
MONTREAL: A. POULIN, 54 Victoria Square.
TORONTO: JAS. GOOD & CO., 220 & 67 Yonge St., and 101 1/2 King St., W.

CASTOR-FLUID.

Registered—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family, 25c per bottle.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,

144 St. Lawrence Main Street.

COME IN.

You are welcome to come in and bring in your friends to see our specimens of Portraiture Groups, Colored Miniatures, North-West Views, &c.

+ **WM. NOTMAN & SON,** +

17 BLEURY STREET,

MONTREAL.

G. S. PIERCE,

Accountant.

27 VICTORIA AVENUE, OTTAWA.

Books posted and balanced, Accounts made out and collected, Writing and copying done.

THE PAPER, ON WHICH "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED" IS PRINTED, IS MANUFACTURED BY THE CANADA PAPER COMPANY.

Press of THE CANADA BANK NOTE CO., Ltd., Montreal.